

THE HOME: A FIRESIDE MONTHLY.

JUNE, 1859.



LILY MARTIN SPENCER.

THIS latter-day, in widening the sphere of woman's labor, will become historically memorable. The changes of custom, of old and time-honored usage, in regard to woman's "sphere," are of a very important character, even if they cease to attract much public attention; and the future historian will have reason to christen this century as the one in which Woman's Humanity gained its first proper recognition and standing. It is now *honorable* for her to compete with man in any of the trades for which her strength fits her; it is proper for her to do business in her own name, to hold property, and to sell it; to manage schools, to direct

great public and private institutions is her *privilege*; to practice medicine her conceded province; to become writer, artist, publisher, her right. No other age ever gave her such recognition of equality.

Among those living, who stand out as representative women, each in their sphere, may be mentioned:— Florence Nightingale, Jenny Lind, Harriet Hosmer, Rosa Bonheur, Charlotte Cushman, Mrs. Browning, Mary Howitt, Frederika Bremer. What an array of genius and moral excellence is here, which the world is proud to honor. What previous century of modern civilization has offered such position to its women of genius?

If not possessed of merit equal to these illustrious women, the subject of this notice is yet of the representative class. Her genius, her life-long struggle with adverse circumstances and against the restraints of old customs, her final and complete triumph—all conspire to render her eminently deserving of the recognition that should be made to true moral worth and nobility of talent.

LILY MARTIN was born in England in 1824, but we claim her as an American, her parents removing to this country when she was in her sixth year. Her father and mother are both French; and upon their arrival in New York, they opened an academy for instruction in the French language. They were educated people, fond of Art, and both sought, with judicious skill, to cultivate the germs of genius which sprang up very early in the soul of their little daughter.

Lily speaks of her mother as a woman of fine intellect, but does not say from which parent she inherited her inclination toward painting. Certain it is, they were both deeply interested in the first evidences of her talent, and both, by proper encouragement and affectionate culture, were the means of its being developed so soon in life.

She seems to have been an impetuous and enthusiastic child, happy in her own inner world of glowing visions and ardent hopes. The removal of her parents to a house upon a farm, four miles from Marietta, in Ohio, gave her exulting spirit full play in the liberty she had to roam abroad through the freshness and beauty of nature. Here, doubtless, the energy and character which mark her style, were developed in her physical and mental being, unfettered as they were by any restraint.

"This liberty, indeed," she says, "had too great a charm for her, for it gave her a distaste to those severe studies of anatomy and perspective which her father endeavored to convince her were necessary."

The engaging story of her first attempt at delineating, upon a great scale, her conceptions of Beauty, when she chose her bedroom-wall for a canvas—the discovery of her heroine by her mischievous brothers—her tender alarm lest this child of her genius should fall a victim to their destructive propensities—the surprise of her parents upon being called upon to defend it, and the encouragement from them which led her to proceed with and elaborate her design, until the walls of her room were covered, has been often told. She was then but thirteen, and from that time she devoted herself to Art. Citizens of Marietta, and strangers, who heard of her remarkable promise, called often at the house of her father, and encouraged her with praise; until, at length, a letter from a wealthy gentleman at Cincinnati induced her to go there, where her opportunities for improvement would be greater. Here she remained seven or eight years, during which time she was married to Mr. Spencer. She received much encouragement and patronage in Cincinnati—which city, be it remarked, has given the brightest shining artistic lights of the age to the world. The Western Art Union purchased several of her works, and made an engraving of one of them for their annual presentation plate.

About that time she removed to New York, where she has resided until her recent removal to Newark, New Jersey. That she has been a faithful devotee to her beloved art, her reward of fame and success proves. She has painted a large number of pictures, many of which have been purchased and engraved in Europe, as well as in this country. The American Art Union was one of her largest patrons.

Two of her most successful works are the "Power of Fashion" and the "Height of Fashion," mate pictures; for the first of which she received a medal from the institution in Boston in which it was exhibited.

"The Jolly Washerwoman," "Little Navigator," "Little Sunshade," and "Shake hands," are some of her well-known pictures. They are fresh, finely-colored, delightful designs, showing something merry in the artist's conception of life. Indeed, in the field of humorous characterization, she may be pronounced the first artist in America. Her intuitions are sure and strong, and none can work them out with more power and truthfulness.

Her later efforts embrace "How Tempting," "The Day Dreamer," "L'-Allegro," "Fe-fi-fo-fum," "Bo Peep," "The Gossips," etc., etc. The last named is a superb work, and has served much to confirm Mrs. Spencer's reputation as one of the best humorous delineators living. Greater triumphs are in store, we must think. She grows in strength, and multiplies in resources, apparently, as she advances in years. Her genius has wrought upon the humorous side of life chiefly, we suppose, for the reason that it "pays" best. The artist has, however, fine powers as a painter in the serious and historical field of composition. One of her last works, "The Circassian Slave," as a piece of flesh coloring, and of the beautiful in drawing and expression, is a success of which any living painter might well be proud.

Mrs. Spencer now resides in her own home, at Newark, seven miles from New York, where, in the studio erected by Lockwood for his large canvas, "The Last Independent," she labors late and early upon her many commissions. May she live long to achieve more fully her destiny, and to read to her struggling sisters everywhere noble lessons of self-sacrifice, patience, trust, and power to conquer.

A word for American Art. The recent gigantic strides of our artists in every department of portraiture and composition foreshadows a future of almost unlimited success. As we write, Church's "Heart of the Andes"

is challenging the admiration of all—is receiving such encomiums as few modern pictures have commanded. It is a painting of which any master living or dead might be proud. Yet, we already find our artists thinking of higher and more complete triumphs! This fact shows that our pupilage in Art has passed—that we are now emerging into the world as young giants in resources and power.

SINCE IN YOUR HEART I AM NOT FIRST.

BY D. A. BIBB.

SINCE in your heart I am not first
Of all who wear the shape of man,
Whatever love you there have nursed,
Discard, forget it, if you can.
I know that heart is proud and strong,
And hope its peace will soon return;
That soon you'll sing our favorite song
Remembering me to smile, not mourn.

If I have wept to see you weep,
'Twas when I dream'd you loved as I,
But now when grief is still more deep,
I do not breathe a single sigh.
My heart is proudly calm though sad,—
Prepared to sternly bear its fate;
For, if no more as lately glad,
I can at least be good and great.

I send you back this silken tress
Into your hand from whence it came,
For I remember by-gone bliss,
And can not give it to the flame:
I send it back, I need no token
To speak unto my heart of you,
For though hope's fairy spell is broken,
Nor time, nor aught can Love's undo.

I question not of right or wrong—
I've naught to blame or to forgive;
I only know to you belong
My fondest thoughts while I shall live,
And only ask that when afar
You hear me named with words of blame,
Your lips will from such words forbear;
Thus much from you the past should claim.

And now, farewell! On ocean's tide,
And in the gay saloons of France,
And where the Rhine's blue waters glide,
And moon-beams from Rome's towers
glance,
I'll live in waking dreams again
The days of love that we have known,
And while my heart beats quick with pain,
Hope that these pangs I bear alone.

THE DOLOROUS CAMP.

NOT A TRADITION, BUT AN O'ER TRUE TALE.

BY MRS. FRANCES FULLER BARRITT.

HOW many of my readers ever saw a moon rise among the mountains? If he who has happened not to see the fair luminary herself, as she rose gradually over the head of some lofty peak, but had his eyes instead upon the neighboring hills, what a glorious sight swelled his heart with unspeakable admiration as her silvering beams glanced on and down till every humbler height was touched with radiance, or slanted through intervening gorges, revealing where grew the whispering groves that sheltered mournful Philomel, and gradually and silently brought out the features of the landscape, even to the far-off valleys or winding river courses.

How many of my readers have witnessed this scene on a lovely night in July, with one beloved standing beside them spell-bound like themselves with the charm of the time, the scene, and the soft night-voices from breathing trees, and lispings wind, and singing bird? If only one or many, we venture to declare that all have owned the witchery of the hour. Who that loves can refrain from telling his love at such a time, and in such a place? If any one, not Archibald Street, nor even the modest and gentle Anne Islington, leaning so trustingly on Archibald's strong arm, the unwonted moisture of her clear, brown eyes glistening in the rays of the rising moon.

Though the bluffs of the Missouri are not mountains in the strictest sense, they approach the appearance of mountain scenery in their lofty height and wild picturesqueness, and perhaps *charm* more while they *awe* less than some more rugged and towering heights unadorned by the beauty of verdure which clothes these river bluffs. Yet not the beauty of the scene, nor the bliss of even love itself occupies wholly the minds of our youthful lovers. There is a thrilling

romance connected with their immediate and prospective history which sends the blood tumultuously to their hearts, as their thoughts go back over the period of their acquaintance, or grope blindly in the unknown years to come.

As the moon ascends higher, the beauty of the scene about them is greatly increased by the discovery of a camp, almost like that of an army, lying whitely in the moonlight on the summit of a neighboring hill. The glistening eyes of Anne Islington look sorrowfully in that direction, and her lover's gaze follows her own with a sympathizing sadness.

"I have a troubled heart to-night, notwithstanding your assurances, Archy. I could hardly drag my feet to the music of our band this afternoon for the heaviness of the thoughts that oppressed me."

"We are truly brought to great straits, Anne, but our courage should not falter now. We have escaped from our enemies, and found a refuge in a beautiful and fertile country where you at least may rest for a season. It is true that just at this juncture our company illy can spare five hundred of its youngest and hardiest men upon the service of the United States; yet we are needing money, which this measure will bring us; and we are anxious to show to the government what faithful soldiers we may become, to remove, if possible, some of the unjust prejudice against us. When the war with Mexico is terminated, we shall march *en masse* to the spot selected by our pioneer camp, and with all expedition prepare a place for our waiting friends. For myself, dear Anne, you know that the height, and depth, and breadth of my ambition is to make you happy and respectable whenever it shall be my great good fortune to be able to claim your promised hand."

"It is that word 'whenever' that appalls me, Archy. I see the indefiniteness of its meaning in the exposures and vicissitudes of camp life, in the

hardships and dangers of a soldier's career, and in the general uncertainty of every circumstance which surrounds us. My parents are old and declining in strength; what if I lose them in this wilderness country? Or, old and feeble as they are, and needing some stronger arm to lean upon, what if they and I lose *you*? Oh, Archy, would to God we had all of us remained in our old home!"

"Were it not for my faith, Anne, I could have wished it too. But, having this faith, I feel that I must brave all dangers in upholding it, and submit to all losses, even the loss of life; or what would be a greater sacrifice still, Anne, the loss of your precious self, if God so wills it. And you, my beloved, must have something of this spirit too, in order to meet your trials with needful resignation. Promise me that you will endeavor to keep up your faith."

"Alas, I have no faith! Do not be alarmed or offended, Archy, but I can not deceive you in this matter—I *hate* your religion—I abhor it in my heart!"

"Anne!"

"I hate it, and I fear it. I feel that it will destroy us—that it will deprive me of you—in short, that it will be our ruin."

"Why have you never told me this before, Anne?"

"I *have* told you that I was no Mormon; but, that I did not express my abhorrence of the doctrines believed by my dearest friends, was probably because they *were* my dearest friends who professed them. But this farewell hour has so agonized my soul with dread, that I can hold my peace no longer."

"Oh, Anne, my beloved! I am grieved for this. You sharpen the pain of this parting inexpressibly by your strange avowal. How can I leave you, knowing what is, alas, too true, that you have but an insecure dependence and protection in your old and feeble parents, and assured that you hate the people among whom

you may be left homeless, and, in that case, friendless? Is there any special reason for your dislike of the church? have any of our leaders offended you with much preaching?"

"Archy, I should be offended with any one, with you even, should you uphold to me such opinions as your church advocates with regard to woman. If I thought you entertained the degrading idea that I could only be saved by marriage with one of the church, no matter if that one were yourself, much more if it were any chance person who might have already saved half a dozen others in the same way, I should shrink from you. And, to see the young girls in our company showing their preference, yes, actually 'making love' to the husbands of others in the most shameless freedom—while men withdraw their affection from their wives, and look with loving eyes on any silly girl who makes herself agreeable by her flattery—I am sickened with these things! I am ashamed of my sex, and could almost doubt the purity of your love or my own."

"Anne, you are wild to-night. Your grief and anxiety are enough to make you so; but, there is one other reason, I suspect, for your uneasiness. You saw Eveline Woodard 'making love,' as you express it, to me this afternoon at the ball; and you know that she is aware of our engagement. You were disgusted with her, and you resent her conduct on general principles. Eveline is a girl without honor or sincerity, as there are some of each sex in all communities; but calm your apprehensions, Anne—you did not find me reciprocate her attentions?"

"No, Archy; my pride in you was as great as my disgust at her; but the circumstance set me to thinking anew of the tendency of this doctrine of woman-saving by polygamy, and asking myself how I was to endure the forced acceptance of such a lot (should it ever become mine) as those I daily see about me."

"Well, Anne, to set your heart at rest about this matter, I will assure you that however much I may believe in the doctrine which includes plurality of wives among its privileges, you need have no fear that I shall ever desire to bring another love in the way of the single and pure passion which I cherish for you. Be true to me, Anne, as I know that you will be, and I shall return to prove to you my single-heartedness in the face of a thousand examples of other men's falsehoods."

"I believe in your present oneness of heart, as much as yourself, Archy; but there are many temptations in your way. The elders make much of you, and will be advising you to follow their example; the married women laud you to the girls, and the girls quote you to one another. Can you resist all these persuasions and flatteries, and in the language of *my church* 'keep ye only unto me so long as we both shall live?'"

"If I am not capable of that, Anne, may the Lord never permit my return; for I do not want to be guilty of breaking your heart—and I know that infidelity would do it. But give me the assurance if you can that you believe in me."

"With all my soul, my soul's own choice. If it should be so that you should never be restored to me, I will at least have the happiness of feeling that you have loved me, and that assurance shall satisfy my heart forever."

There were tears on the cheeks that touched each other in that long and warm embrace, and a heavy weight of sorrow in the hearts that were thus sundering themselves, perhaps forever. But the watchful moon looked down upon the gleaming tents a little way off, and reminded the reluctant lovers that midnight was at hand. Silently and sorrowfully their hands unclasped at the door of Anne's tent and the Mormon soldier went to a brief repose, the last among the inmates of this camp, which was to him

now his home and his chosen city. There were many hearts that night as heavy as his own—many husbands, and wives, and friends, and lovers, thinking of their peculiar circumstances and coming separations.

It was just at that point in the remarkable history of the Mormon exodus, when their advance companies had reached the Missouri, and their tents were clustered on the hill-summits "like white birds hesitating before their long flight over the river," and into still wider uninhabited regions. Afterward they had crossed, and were detained by sickness and ill-fortune for the summer, and finally for the year, in the Indian territory. Some remained on the Iowa side, at the present city of Council Bluffs, and other camps came on and joined them, making in all quite a town. It was here that the parents of Anne Islington, suffering from the effects of protracted exposure and privation of comforts, after a long illness, died, leaving her, young, beautiful, and an orphan, in a frontier country under the guardianship of mere temporary acquaintances. Fortunately for Anne, her lot was cast in an excellent family, whose superior refinement saved her from any great occasion for disaffection, although elder Bowers, her guardian, had taken a second wife during the time of her residence with them. His daughter Ada, about Anne's own age, was an intelligent, affectionate girl, to whom the lonely orphan soon became sincerely attached, and whose society induced the first return of cheerfulness to her oppressed spirit. Ada was, like Anne, engaged to a young man of much merit; and the two girls, closely resembling each other in taste and sentiment, and allied by the mutual circumstance of a happy and honorable attachment, found great pleasure in confiding to each other their innocent emotions; while Ada, by her lively disposition, was just the companion necessary to the pensive and rather too serious Anne.

Meanwhile the battalion of five hundred and twenty choice men had been honorably discharged; and while some of them had returned to their families in the Missouri valley, the greater portion had gone directly to Salt Lake city with the intention of first erecting dwellings and making ready the homes of their wives, mothers and sisters. Among these latter Anne had confidence her lover was laboring, though no message had ever been received from him. Occasionally she heard of his safety and well-doing by mere accident; and, practicing patience while she secretly pined, she waited for his inevitable return.

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"Why so pale and sad, fond lover,
Prithee, why so pale?"

sang Ada Bowers, coming into the apartment which served herself and Anne as bed-room, library, and boudoir, finding Anne, with a book open before her, gazing forgetfully upon the western horizon. "What do you read on yonder clouds, my dreaming sibyl? If I had asked you for your thoughts, or offered you a penny for them, ten to one it would have been the same old story, 'Oh, I was thinking what a poor little forgotten waif of humanity I am, without home or kindred.' A lament I have in vain tried to silence. What would you give, lady fair, to hear from my lips of veracity that you are henceforth deprived of the pleasure of this lamenting by a most unlooked-for good fortune?"

"I could not well offer a price until I know the value of your boasted benefit; and should you break my neck, as there is danger you will, across the back of my chair, I could not enjoy it, whatever it might be; so pray release me, and tell me what it is."

"Just the most judicious arrangement in the world! You see, my pale beauty, that your charms have come to be appreciated at last; and we have—yes, actually—and I say it with great pleasure, being an engaged

lady myself—we have a bona fide offer for you."

"Please be a little more explicit, Ada, and tell me what you mean."

"I am sure my meaning is plain enough; but if you wish to know *who* I mean, that is a little secret for a moment or two. Guess once, can you not?"

"No; I have not the least idea who the inconsiderate person can be."

"Well then—I can not wait to make you find it out by guessing—it is Mr. Fox."

"Truly?—the gentleman late from Salt Lake?"

"The very same. Allow me to congratulate you."

"Is he married or single?" asked Anne, blushing in spite of herself at the necessity to put such a question.

"Oh, married, of course. He is a splendid man, too. Went with the battalion to Mexico, and afterward married Eveline Woodard, on account of which his first wife would not go on to join him, but procured a divorce, and returned to her friends."

"Quite a history," remarked Anne briefly, to whom the mention of the battalion and Eveline Woodard recalled vividly the events of two years before.

"Now, Anne, you take a proposal quite indifferently, I must declare. I expected you to be all blushes and smiles if the gentleman pleased you; or all scorn and indignation if he did not—an expectation founded on my knowledge of your excitable temper; and now you neither laugh nor cry, nor in any way give me the benefit of a sensation."

"I might appeal to you with equal justice to be a little more serious when talking of so important a matter, my dear hornet. Let me hear the rest of this interesting proposal."

"Very well then, I am serious; and my reverend father commissions me to tell you that Mr. Abraham Fox, late of Salt Lake city, a man of wealth and consideration, respectfully invites and entreats you to become

Mrs. Abraham Fox, number two. And, moreover, to inform you that Mrs. Fox, number one, the aforesaid Eveline Woodard, joins him in the request; assuring you that she knows of no young lady she should so much like as an associate in wifely honors as Miss Anne Islington."

Anne's eyes flashed, though her cheek paled at the conclusion of Ada's merry but truthful rehearsal of her commission. "Tell Mr. Fox," replied she with emphasis, "that I must decline the dignity offered me; and send word to Eveline Woodard that, however much she may esteem me, I am sorry to say I can not reciprocate the least portion of that esteem;" but, as the last word was uttered, a spasm distorted her features, and her head dropped forward on her breast.

When Anne had recovered from the effects of some strong mental excitement which Ada only imperfectly understood, the subject which had occasioned that disturbance was avoided by mutual consent. Yet did not Anne cease to think of it. Here, she felt sure, commenced the unraveling of that skein of ills which, two years before, she had foreseen would be braided with her destiny and that of Archibald Street. Until now she had been unconscious how deeply seated the hidden conviction had been that Eveline Woodard was to prove her evil genius. And even now she could not explain by what means she expected her demon would work out the injuries she believed were contemplated. Yet the bitterness of doubt and anxiety had poisoned her peace effectually, and she asked herself again and again for what purpose Eveline had sent her the taunt she had done through her husband's proposal. Was it to fill her mind with doubts of Archibald's fidelity, or was it to inform her of his positive infidelity? In vain she asked herself these torturing questions—time only could settle her uncertainty.

It was with a faltering step that she obeyed the summons of her guardian

the following morning. She guessed that he desired to speak to her of Mr. Fox, and the subject agitated her too much to be agreeable; yet with a kind of consciousness that it was a part of her unavoidable destiny, she prepared herself for the meeting. In the eyes of Mr. Bowers the proposed connection was one in every way eligible for the orphaned and desolate girl under his care; and having heard of her refusal from his daughter, he was disposed to be a little stern with his ungrateful ward.

"Anne," he began, quite nervously, "am I to understand that the answer Ada brought me from you is your true and final decision with regard to the proposed marriage?"

"Indeed, my dear guardian, I have but one answer to make. I *can not* accept Mr. Fox's proposal."

"Do you dislike the gentleman, may I ask?"

"I know so little about him, that I neither like nor dislike him; but I am averse to the marriage on other grounds, if you please."

"Will you explain to me some of your motives in refusing Mr. Fox, Anne?"

"I need not tell you, I presume my kind friend, that I have never professed the Mormon faith, and am among these believers more by accident than from choice. Such being the case, I presume you understand that I can not accept a man for my husband who is already married."

"This is great nonsense, Anne. It would become you to adopt the faith of your father, and thereby secure his blessing, which he can only bestow upon obedient and believing children. Unless you can furnish a better reason, I shall send father Elliot here to convert you forthwith. It is for your interest that I do so."

"I would rather not trouble Father Elliot about my conversion. If I could be converted at all to the doctrine of plurality of wives, I should be convinced in your own family of its propriety. But I have still an-

other objection to make, which you will doubtless allow is inseparable—that of my being already engaged.”

“Ah! that is a little more to the point, Anne. But now I should like to know to whom?”

“To Archibald Street.”

“I am puzzled, my dear, to know how you can refuse Mr. Fox on the ground of plurality, and yet declare yourself engaged to Mr. Street, who, I learn, has one wife already, the same as my friend Mr. Fox.”

Had any one told that to Anne before the occurrences of the last twenty-four hours, she would have smiled securely in her perfect confidence; but now it came home to her with the electrical force of truth, and she never thought of doubting it. Her silence and the ghastliness of her face startled into something like remorse the complacent feelings of her guardian.

“I am sorry, my child, that I have been forced to communicate the intelligence which you are evidently much surprised if not pained to hear. I only desire your happiness; and if I can be in any way instrumental in furthering it, I shall always be happy to do so. I shall tell Mr. Fox then that you are engaged?”

Anne nodded, and Elder Bowers was about leaving the room, when she called him back. “If he inquires to whom I am engaged, please not to tell him,” she whispered hoarsely, and gliding past him, had retired to her chamber before he could fairly comprehend her request. When he had thought of it a moment, he muttered to himself, “That is the way with women—there is no end to their whimsies if they are allowed to run on. Now this Street, it seems, is an old lover of Anne’s, whose marriage with one of his own church proves him to be a sensible fellow to be sure; but there is no comparison, I presume, between his position and that of my friend Mr. Fox, who is a man of some age and experience as well as wealth. Still, with such a girl as Anne, feeling goes for every thing

and prudence for nothing; but I must not be severe with her, for she is of a delicate frame, and has a will stronger than her body. But Fox must know about it,” and with this self-satisfying monologue, Elder Bowers dismissed all anxiety from his mind, fully believing his duty both to his ward and friend honorably discharged.

When Mr. Fox came to learn Anne’s refusal, he seemed rather surprised than any thing else, having doubtless made up his mind to be accepted.

“I had understood from Eveline,” said he, “that it was a wish of Miss Islington’s to marry into the same family with herself; and that there was an agreement between them that whoever married first was to make it a request that the other should be invited to accept the same home and husband. I was much pleased with Miss Islington, and I am sorry she does not remember or regard her engagement with Eveline.”

“How prospers Archibald Street in your country?” asked Elder Bowers, when Mr. Fox had expressed his chagrin sufficiently.

“He is a rising and popular young man; was lately married to an English lady of wealth and beauty, and is high in the favor of the council. We had some little trouble to persuade him to marry the lady who is now his wife, on account of some previous engagement; but she who had the first claim on him having released him from obligation by her own marriage with another, the English lady secured him, and the match was considered an excellent one on both sides.”

“Did you ever hear who was the lady he was engaged to?”

“I never did; it was an early attachment, I believe, contracted before his connection with our church, and broken, I think, on account of it. It is well enough not to bring disaffected persons into the church at any time, especially now, when the trials endured by all are as great as the strongest of us well can bear.”

"That is true," replied the elder, restraining for Anne's sake his desire to enlighten his friend with regard to her religious sentiments, as well as some other matters concerning her; for, to do the elder justice, he was quite as much a man as a Mormon, and however much he might have gloried in priesthood, plurality, etc., could not choose but to retain some of the honorable feelings toward feminine humanity in which he had been educated; but which the next generation of Latter-Day Saints will be entirely oblivious of.

It would be impossible to describe the tumult of Anne's feelings when the reality of her lover's faithlessness was presented to her mind. She had lived "under a cloud" for the whole period of his absence, but that the storm would burst in the manner that it had, she had never been tempted to apprehend. The struggle, however, with her despair was brief as it was violent, and she came out of it apparently a little more pale and pensive than of old, but with added pride and dignity. Even Ada was confounded between her conviction that Anne must suffer, and her daily observation of the tideless calm of her uneventful life.

Ada's approaching marriage, and the contemplated removal of herself and her father's family to Salt Lake in the spring following, were topics over which Anne made no effort to conceal her distress. Her repugnance either to go or remain was very decided. Yet one or the other she must evidently do. The family of her guardian was now her home circle—the only one she expected to have—and for their sake she must go wherever they led her; on the other hand, Salt Lake was the country of her enemies, and she desired never to set her foot on its soil. But when spring came, and all was bustle and excitement, the little frontier town moving *en masse* toward the Missouri to place itself on the western side of the last river that bounded an organized state,

Anne felt her spirits rise with the enthusiasm which animated the hundreds about her; and when once fairly *en route*, the beautiful country and daily events of camp-life occupied her mind agreeably. One painful coincidence alone frequently occurred to her: three years before she had traveled in this way in company with one whose remembrance she would rather avoid. In addition to the draught-teams, there were a few good riding horses in the train, one of which belonged to Ada, who, to rest herself from the wagons, frequently enjoyed a gay canter with her husband or Anne.

One day, when the company had been on the road about two weeks, the news was brought by some advanced horsemen that a train coming in would meet them in a few hours, a piece of intelligence which furnished considerable excitement to the out-going emigrants.

"Let us ride on and meet them," said Ada, who rejoiced in the prospect of a new emotion.

Accordingly a small cavalcade, including herself and Anne, were soon mounted and pushing forward eagerly to greet the eastward-bound train, which, having heard of the one going west, had also some scouts on the road.

"There! there!" exclaimed Ada; "do you not see some persons on horseback about half a mile off? Now let us see who shall be the first to make their salute to these travelers," and away went the party at a hard gallop.

Anne was mounted upon a very swift little animal, which soon carried her ahead of all the rest, and which, having been thoroughly awakened, she found it difficult to control; the privilege for which the party were contending, falling thus to her, of being the first to salute the advancing horsemen, one of whom, similarly animated, dashed on to meet her. Their horses were drawn up—each looked at the other earnestly—the gentleman bowed profoundly. Anne returned the bow, and grew suddenly

very pale; in another moment she sank forward upon the horse's neck, having fainted. Archibald Street lifted her from her saddle, and placed her on the grass, just as her friends came up, and Ada dismounted to her assistance. He returned the greetings of the party with a troubled downcast look, watching with wistful sidelong glances for the recovery of Anne; but when she had regained her consciousness, he kept aloof, talking with any one rather than the family of Elder Bowers. The emigrants and immigrants determined to camp alongside as it was near night, and each had many questions to ask of the other. That evening, in the course of conversation, Archibald Street became aware that he had been the dupe—the blind and foolish dupe of a malicious woman; and the consciousness brought little healing to the old wounds now rankling afresh in his heart. But to Anne some explanation must be made, for his honor's sake, hopeless and agonizing as it would be. With this purpose he sought her guardian's tent with the first stir of preparation in the morning. To have escaped from this interview, Anne would have endeavored, if it had been possible, but the simple folds of a tent do not afford any hiding-places. She was lying on a mattress, being still much indisposed, when Archibald seated himself beside her.

"Anne," said he, "your prophecy has come true; my religion has lost me you, and your happiness, and my own. You do not look at me; you think me unpardonable; but, though I have been greatly in error, I have not been unfaithful to you, as you think. That woman, Anne, whom I need not name, planned and executed this evil which has befallen us. It was she who caused it to be reported that you were married to Elder Bowers; it was she who procured my introduction to a friend of hers, and who influenced her husband to ply me with arguments in favor of immediate marriage."

Anne arose, as if strengthened by hearing that the stain of dishonor was removed from her lover's character; but her face quivered with emotions that would not be suppressed, and she was denied the power of utterance.

Archibald continued, "Anne, this last night's self-examination has proven to me that the faith of the Mormon has no spirituality in it. The material good is all its aim and promised reward. I believed at first that I was advancing in spirituality because I was filled with zeal; but I am forced to admit to myself that I am becoming more degraded with every year of practice in its precepts. I am now ready to exclaim with you, 'Would to God we had never left our old homes!'"

"I am glad," Anne forced herself to say, "that you have explained this matter; but how you could ever have credited what you say was reported, I know not."

"Nor I, Anne, unless it was the effect of daily association with a people who have deadened all refinement of feeling on these subjects. It was not that I was indifferent to it, for God is my witness how I agonized under the belief at first. I had before wished you were a Mormon—I then cursed you for being one, since it had made you untrue to me. If it were possible I could again wish that you were of that faith, since then"—Anne put up her hand with a gesture of deprecation—"I will not say it then, if I may not. But, Anne, I do not love my wife as I ought to, though a lovely and lady-like person. I will return to Salt Lake and entreat the church to divorce me; she can marry again, and I will take you back to the home you never should have left. Do not look so reprovingly upon me, the circumstances justify such a course."

"Does your wife love *you*, Archibald?"

"Ah, Anne! your true woman's heart takes care of the feelings of others before—I had nearly said—your own. But I do not know that I

am warranted in imputing to you any feeling like mine on this subject."

"No, Archibald, when I learned your marriage, I took care not to wrong your wife by any useless desires of my own. If I suffer from emotion at this unexpected meeting, it is because I had no time to call up my self-command. I make allowance for you upon the same ground. In a few moments we must part, and I give you the assurance that nothing you could say would be any inducement to me to aid in making another suffer what we have done. Return to your wife, and go with her, if you choose, to a happier and more virtuous home; and if you remember me in future, let that memory soothe your heart as the recollection of one who loved you truly."

"Is there no hope then, Anne?" asked the wretched man, his voice quivering with his distress. "Recollect that *we* have not consented to this evil—that we were swindled out of our happiness by malice and revenge, that the laws by which I am governed and under which I was married are church laws which take cognizance of these circumstances, and that I may yet address you as a single man, and honorably."

"Archibald, do not attempt to mislead me in this matter. You know me well enough to feel confident of my unalterable resolution."

"I have not meant to mislead you, but God knows if I am able to judge of the right. I am certainly bewildered if I have told you wrong."

"Let us part in peace if not in happiness. Free yourself from the trammels of an impure religion, and find contentment in well-doing. Adieu!"

"Anne, you are going where I shall see you again. Ponder well the *real right* before you make an irrevocable decision. Farewell!"

The company were nearly ready to start, and Archibald Street was gone on his way, when a report ran through the camp that there had been a death that morning. The tent Anne occu-

pied was about to be struck, when Ada entering from a walk to find how she was, discovered her sitting with her head bent forward on her knees quite lifeless. Her heart had ceased to beat when Archibald Street had turned from his farewell. The company remained in camp long enough to perform a simple burial; and Ada's tears were the embalming of the beautiful corpse.

When Archibald returned to the Salt Lake valley, his breast heaved with emotion at decrying afar off the remembered camping-ground. When he came to the spot, he paused to read on a small weather-beaten board the painted inscription:

"ANNE ISLINGTON:

Aged 21.

Died June 13th, 1849."

The strong man was as a child weeping for the loss of its mother. The exhaustion of grief threw him into a fever which lasted for several days; and his traveling companions called the spot, for that reason, "The Dolorous Camp."

ASSUMPTIONS OF FASHION.

THERE is a very large class of fashionable people in this country, whom Mr. Thackery, if he had the privilege of making their acquaintance, would set down as snobs. They have an air of outward elegance, of magnificence, and run to the vulgar extreme of fashion. The absence of true refinement of soul is, of course, indicated in a thousand ways when they, themselves, are least aware of it. And then there seems to be an understanding between them, that they shall tolerate certain licenses in others in order that they may enjoy the same privilege themselves; for instance, the liberty of making remarks upon dress, and of gratifying their curiosity and love of gossip in various ways. The fashionable woman has the worst to fear from her own "set." It must be a hardening

process which the naturally sensitive feelings of a woman go through, before she can coolly face and even court the scrutiny, secret or avowed, to which she knows she is subjected, by her "dear, five hundred friends." She may be willing and anxious to tell "where she got her love of a collar," and "how much she paid for her new silk," "that she sent to New York for her velvet cloak," and "that her husband gave her her diamond ear-rings on her birth-day;" but it can be only the baser emotions of her heart which are gratified by knowing the envy and petty scandal which she braves, and which laugh at the uncharitable remarks which are sure to follow during her absence from those whom she has excelled in her extravagance.

A weakness the most ludicrous of all, is that which prompts them to go to one another for the purpose of having their vanity tickled. "What have you pretty to tell me to-day, my dear?" "Ah! you can not guess! Mr. A. . . . said you had the handsomest *neck* of any woman at the party last night." "Thank you, love.—Did he really? I have something nice for you, too. Mr. B. . . . told Miss C. . . . that you were the best-dressed lady he had seen this season!" Admirable! isn't it? These ladies separate, mutually delighted with themselves and each other,—as if such base flattery were the genuine coin which they covet! There is falsehood in the very principle. According to the degree in which she wishes to hear herself praised, is the compliment the one invents or exaggerates for the other, who, to repay her kind friend as liberally, returns one of similar worth. How unsatisfactory to the heart, and even to the craving, insatiate vanity which grows hungry with what it feeds upon! *Such* CAN NOT know the sweeter praises of an approving conscience and of a deeply-loving, deeply-happy Home.

In the whole system of high fash-

ionable life and *ton* distinction, is so much that is untrue to nature, selfish, mean, and artificial, that it is not wonderful its votaries are betrayed into sins against a true politeness founded in kindness, against a true refinement founded in nobility of soul. As long as wealth and fashion, with their glare and caprice, have the dictation of "good society," there *must* be all kinds of snobbery. When gold-headed canes, instead of unsullied honor, make the gentleman, and *moire antiques*, instead of modesty and gentleness, make the lady, we may expect strange derelictions, even from Lord Chesterfield's system of politeness, to pass unnoticed, obscured by the brilliancy of the doer's outward appearance.

A little incident in "high-life" came to our notice not long ago. A lady, who prided herself upon her high breeding, sent to another in a neighboring city, with whom she was but slightly acquainted, to do her the great favor to select and send to her by express a hat for her daughter, with the order, "please send it *soon*." The lady sent to, the first day in which it was convenient for her to go out, purchased a beautiful hat, *paid* for it (the money was not sent with the order, but the lady wishing the favor done being a woman of "wealth and standing," of course no hesitation was felt), and dispatched it by express. Now, the daughter was married upon a certain day, and left before the bonnet arrived; but the lady purchasing was not to blame, for no particular time had been assigned her. The bride went upon her wedding tour to the city where the lady resided, and without troubling herself to inquire if she had sent the hat ordered, purchased another upon the day in which the first arrived at her mother's. The mother paid the express charges and sent the bonnet back to the lady; the milliner refused it; the lady wrote to say that it was upon her hands and to know what she should do with it,—she had a winter

hat herself, and could make no use of it. The lady of "wealth and standing," the "best-bred woman in town," has allowed the bonnet to remain upon her friend's hands, who, for her kindness in doing a favor, is a sufferer to the amount of a costly winter hat.

Where dress is the criterion of merit, the temptation in weak and unreflecting minds to excel is so powerful that the subtler promptings of truth are sacrificed, particularly where deliberate falsehood is not resorted to. By falsehood we mean all equivocations thought excusable by many; appearing beyond her real means; sacrificing the business interests of her husband or father; neglecting home duties, and living a life of hollow show, envy, vanity, and deceit, as many a woman does. The flowers of *real* beauty *can not* bloom in such a hot-house atmosphere; the real graces of life can not take root in *such* a shallow soil. Oh, for a little more of nature's loveliness—a little more of the grace of modesty—of the refinement which a love of the intrinsically beautiful gives—for a little more *true* friendship and heartfelt praise—a little more sincerity, self-sacrifice, and genuine human sympathy!

We see a smile gathering on the face of some fair and foolish child of fashion at the mere mention of the last-named qualities. We sigh while she smiles. For the expression of noble sentiments which kindle the eye and flush the cheek with lofty enthusiasm; for a response to the deep, unutterable melodies of the human soul; for the sympathy which warms and delights great hearts; for the pleasures of spiritual excitement, the discussion of elevating philosophies; for the love of the fine arts and an interest in their perfection; for a passionate labor to aid in the education and happiness of the masses; for a deep love of man and God; she might indeed smile if we looked to such as her, and the "exquisite" whom she admires, for things like these!

LIFE'S MILESTONES.

BY VETA VERNON.

"Some count by years, and some by cares."

MILESTONES! and what *are* they? With some 'tis years, but can we tell wherein one year differeth from another? Are all external things changed when Time's great doors shutteth out the one and openeth to admit the other? Do they exhibit a different hue? is one of a roseate tint, another blue, or black? True, there are days *blue* and black enough, but they come not in successive seasons.

It is in the *heart* alone these milestones can be counted. *It* has its own day and night, summer and winter. With some at eventide 'tis often light; time smiles upon them; their lives have fallen to them in pleasant places; their milestones have been wreathed with living flowers. But with others, even while the day lasts, all looks dark and drear; their sky is darkened by the clouds of despondency, and shadowed by the pall of gloom; their trembling, doubting hearts ask of the coming future, "Watchman, what of the night?" And only one voice can answer, "The morning dawneth." And they would fain throw themselves like a weary child in earth's great arms, and lay their heads upon her breast and *rest*; night has come to them and they would *sleep*.

All have the same journey to take, —the same goal to gain; but the starting-points are different, and our life-paths lead in various ways. Some paths lead over beauteous plains; the way-side is strewn with flowers, there are shady nooks where the traveler when weary can sit down to rest with beauty and sweet sounds before him; "the trees are half alive with joy," and the birds, their inmates, sing sweet dulcet songs to cheer them on their way. But all may not travel this same beautiful road, nor does one's life-path always wind amid soft and fragrant bowers. There are des-

ert plains steep and mountain-sides to be gone over, whose barren and rugged acclivities present no pleasing, tempting allurements; the flowers which bloomed for a little time to cheer them, now lie withered and blasted; they could not bear the cold, bleak breath of the mountain winds, so they hung their heads and died. The birds which once sung hopeful lays, now, like the dove soaring over the great world of waters, find no pleasant resting-place; the heart refuses to sing, and with a weary wing it takes a backward flight to the bright shores of youth, it casts a look back lingeringly, but sees no place to build a nest. So the limbs grow weary, the heart will faint, and the spirit languish, in this dry and parched desert where no pure rivers of waters are,—for we can not think that roads so scathed and blasted, paths so cold and uninviting lead to a desirable and happy haven; that this is the way to mansions of peace and rest, where joy, and richness, and beauty dwell. But look up, weary pilgrim, though there is much to discourage on the way, look up with the eye of faith to the summit of those mountains, on their sublime heights grows the tree of knowledge, where we may read, if we will, in life's hard lessons eternal truths of the great beyond. The faint heart will never attain; but the soul who starteth with a fixed purpose and resolute will, with the staff of truth in his hand, will overcome,—for “truth endureth and is always strong; it liveth and conquereth forevermore.”

Many times our milestones are tombstones—here ended the journey of a loved companion, a darling child, or an affectionate and kind parent—we can not look upon our bereavement and say, “all is well.” It is hard to see the altar destroyed where we lay all our earthly hopes, and to turn which ever way we will to see the ever-open graves where lay confined the forms that made earth bright. Henceforth the way looks dark and

dreary, and we would fain stop too, but the end is not yet for us. But as we go, on how many a time we cast the longing look behind and count the weary steps we have taken since we passed that milestone, and the ones yet to be taken before we rejoin the loved ones in the beautiful land which lies on death's *other* shore,—the glorious hereafter,—where are crystal fountains at which the thirsty, panting soul may drink and thirst no more; where bloom perennial flowers; for

“We know that the bowers are green and fair
In the light of that summer shore,
And we know that the friends we have lost are there—
They are there, and they weep no more.

“And we know they have quenched their fever's
thirst
On the Fountain of Youth ere now;
For there must the stream in its freshness burst
Which none may find below!”

But we must first know the dark nights of sorrow; the sunshiny days of love and joy; the rough, rocky paths and deep rivers of affliction; smiles and tears; toiling and resting,—for this is *life*. But when the flowers are all plucked, the trees all hewn, the mountains scaled, and rivers crossed,—in fine, when *life is done*, and there are no more milestones to be counted, then we will lay aside the rough travel-stained garments of the pilgrim, and white mantles of peace and righteousness will be thrown around us by angel hands, and the sparkling crown of glory placed upon our brows. Sorrow and sighing will be done away, for there's

No sickness there;
No weary wasting of the frame away;
No fearful shrinking from the midnight air;
No dread of summer's hot and fervid ray;

No hidden grief:
No wild and cheerless vision of despair;
No vain petition for a swift relief;
No tearful eye, no broken hearts are there.

No blasted flower
Or wither'd bud celestial gardens know;
No scorching blast, or fierce descending shower
Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe.

No night distils
Its chilling dews upon the tender frame;
No moon is needed there; the light which fills
That land of glory from its Maker came.

Let us depart,
If home like this await the weary soul.
Look up, thou stricken one! thy wounded heart
Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control.

THE WRONG RIGHTED; OR, THE OLD HEART AND THE NEW.

BY METTA VICTORIA VICTOR.

CHAPTER IX.

"Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the court of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy."

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

MARTHA slept well the night of her release from bondage, and arose in the morning like another creature. Instead of being prostrated by the intense excitement of the previous evening, the great weight which was lifted from her spirit seemed to free her physical powers also; she sat up, and was dressed. An air of indescribable happiness pervaded her manner—she looked more like the brilliant girl of our first acquaintance; yet there was a difference in the look which indicated something of the change in her habits of thought. A prayer of thanksgiving lay deep in her heart. Surrounded as she was by circumstances which, a month before, would have overwhelmed her, she could only think of her great escape from a life-long horror. Free from that, she could bear any other calamity.

The hopes of youth are elastic; she already began to hope that her father might settle his difficulties without open exposure—for the rest she did not dread. "Coming down" a tier or two did not seem the greatest earthly evil as it once had.

Nevertheless, as the day passed on it seemed a long one. Her mother did not approach her, and she feared she was offended. As her thoughts became many and burdensome, she asked her dressing-maid to bring her the embroidery which she had laid aside, to—what?—get ready for the marriage. A slight shudder shook her frame as she resumed the silken threads of her light toil; and then, as small things will sometimes cause a chord to vibrate, which harsher strokes

only stunned to silence, the memory of the when and where she was last engaged upon the work brought the quiet tears to stealing down her cheeks. It was upon the day on which the first blow to their domestic happiness had fallen; she had just thrown it aside for her guitar, when Ralph had stepped in to say farewell. Ralph! why did he not return? She had thought much of him, and desired his counsel, but she could not bring herself to write to him while that awful shadow hung over her. Now she desired to write, and had just sent for her writing-desk, when her mother came in, sending her attendant out.

"My dear Martha," she began, in a low voice, drawing a chair close to her daughter's, and bending forward with that confidential air which betokens something important to communicate, "your father and I slept but little last night. Time was precious in this emergency. We were obliged to think of something quickly, since our hopes of you were frustrated—"

"Is my dear father angry with me?"

"No, far from it. Neither am I, child, though I still think, of the two horns of the dilemma I know not which worst. We are going to fly. Do not be startled. In one hour you must be ready to leave. Your trunks, you know, are already packed—so are mine. I have been busy since I saw you last. I will tell you our plans very briefly. Your father has a friend, residing with his family, in Madeira; a wealthy merchant who several times has urged him to come there and go into business with him. But we liked life in New York, and never thought seriously of his offers. By the extraordinary efforts which we have been making to raise money,

the sale of all our works of art, jewels, and personal property of every kind, with a view of redeeming what it is now too late to attempt, your father has got together twenty thousand dollars. It will do us no especial good here—it will not save us—but taken there and properly invested, it will make us a fortune. The island is beautiful; the climate the pleasantest in the world; the society very good, there being many French, English, and American families of excellent standing. We propose to start immediately for New Orleans, there take a vessel for France, from thence sail for Madeira as soon as possible. The chief difficulty will be in getting out of this house and city, for that Reynard has the eyes of a lynx, and I know not if the officers be not already on our track. The house we leave to our creditors. Floribel is going with us. She is a good, faithful girl, and I can not live without a maid. Stephen is on the look-out, and when certain that the coast is clear, we will enter the carriage, which will be driven into the country, and we will take the night-train as it passes some one of the village depots where we shall be in waiting. So that if any officers be on the look-out, they will miss us. Come, we must hasten!”

“But, mother, this is dishonorable!” cried Martha, in distress.

“What now? you are growing very provoking, Martha. This is no time to argue the matter. *You must obey!*”

“The money which papa has, does not rightly belong to him, for it is forfeited to his creditors. And if we fly in this secret manner, will we not leave a name disgraced forever? Oh, mother, I know that if papa would go to his brother directors, and tell them truly the whole story, they would not be without mercy.”

“You lean upon a broken reed there, child. Men do not show mercy in money matters. Every thing must be in black and white there. I know

our names would be darkened for a while; but your father is going where he is certain of a fortune. In three or four years, at most, he can discharge every obligation; and he will do it. In as many more, he can return to New York rich enough to defy public opinion, if any blame be still attached to him.”

Martha was still dissatisfied. She did not think so much of this abrupt dismissal from her home, the associations of her childhood, to be torn from her young friends and all she had loved, as she did of that awful shadow of dishonor which was settling upon them.

“We may never live to get to Madeira; we may be shipwrecked on the way, and then who will ever believe that my father meant to do right?—who will clear his reputation then?”

“In that case it will not be of so much consequence. Come, Martha, put on your traveling-dress; Floribel will assist you. It is useless to talk, we must now act.”

“I can not obey you, mother.”

Mrs. Livingstone looked with sternness into the firm, pale face before her. “Is this what we are to expect from the child who has never heard a word of any thing but kindness, or received any thing but the fondest indulgence at our hands?—to have our wishes thwarted—even our safety compromised? You have but fifteen minutes now in which to prepare. I shall see whether you choose to go with us, or remain behind—whether our child has any real affection for those who have loved her only too well.”

“Where is my father?”

“He is no longer in the house. He will meet the carriage at the outskirts of the city at the appointed hour. If it does not come, he will think it a signal of danger, and leave without us, until some opportunity is given us for joining him.”

“Mother, will you not give me one hour in which to see the president of

the bank? I feel—I know that it is the best way. If I do not come back with a promise that, at least, all public proceedings shall be withheld, and my father allowed time to make up his deficit, then I will go with you, and say no more.”

“It is now ten minutes to three. The bank will be closed.”

“I will go, then, to his house. Ah, mother! do let me do as I wish—something advises me that it is the most honorable course.”

Overpowered by the eagerness of the appeal, Mrs. Livingstone seated herself, clasping her hands in her lap, without giving any answer.

No one would have dreamed that Martha had been confined to her bed for weeks, until yesterday, who saw her hurry down the steps of her residence and step into the first stage that passed. The carriage was waiting in the carriage-house, already loaded with trunks, and she could not make use of that. It had been sold, with the horses, and was to be delivered to its new owner by Stephen when they should have reached the railroad depot.

No sooner had Martha disappeared, than Mrs. Livingstone gave orders that it should be driven forth, take up her husband outside of the city, and await there a message from her. If Martha's mission were unsuccessful, they would overtake it in a stage.

Resolution gave the young girl strength. She never asked herself whether she were able to carry out her design or not. It seemed a long, long way to the bank; when she got there, the shutters were put up, and the door about being closed.

“Has the president gone—is he here?—or any of the directors?” she asked of the first person she met,—the one who was closing the doors.

He looked at her in surprise. He saw she was a lady, and answered her more respectfully than he had at first designed.

“The president and several of the directors are holding a private meet-

ing. They are here, but I do not think they will see any one at present.”

“Tell them that Martha Livingstone has a message for them.”

The name and the manner procured obedience to her command. One of the directors came out and politely ushered her into a private room, where she suddenly found herself in the presence of a dozen gentlemen. She saw among them Jacob Reynard, and perceived by their faces who was the subject of their discussion. For an instant the room whirled round, and she thought herself fainting; but a powerful effort of the will overcame physical weakness and mental embarrassment. Several hastened forward to offer her a seat, respect and solicitude in their faces.

“He's sent a woman to lobby for him,” sneered Reynard, in an undertone, meant for all to hear.

“My father does not know of my presence here, much less has he prompted me to this step,” answered Martha. “I come, gentlemen, prompted only by my love for a parent, who, whatever may have been his faults, never intended them to rise into crimes, and who is not guilty of half that his accuser would persuade you of.”

Like Portia, pleading the cause of her lover, she stood and plead for her father. Words seemed to come as she needed them, without effort on her part. Briefly, yet explicitly, she detailed the course he had pursued—softening the motives with all the eloquence of love—and the expectation he had of making full and speedy restitution. She explained the efforts he had made to raise money by mortgaging his property, and fairly withered Jacob Reynard where he sat by her severe exposure of the steps he had taken to get her father's estates into his own hands, and the still baser attempt he had made to persuade a man, whom, by duplicity and meanness, he had got into his power, to sell his daughter's hand as the

price of his safety. If the man who entered these complaints had not a hundred and fifty thousand dollars of her father's property in his possession, she would not have been compelled to refute his accusations, for the deficit would have been made up long ago. She slightly touched upon the alternative Mr. Reynard had placed before her—of her consent to sacrifice her own wishes to her father's welfare, but of the illness which mental suffering had occasioned, and which had prevented the consummation of her promise. Then she told of the efforts the family had made to escape this alternative, how they had disposed of every available luxury, and stood ready to give up all. There was twenty thousand dollars now ready to be applied to the debt; and if the directors would give time, all, all should be paid, though she herself were obliged to work to help earn the sum. But their house and furniture, she thought, would be security for the rest of the amount—if they were not, she would borrow from their friends. She only asked them, as they would pity their own children, to pity her, and remembering the anguish of an innocent family, to conceal her father's default from the public until he had time to make it up to them. They were willing to make any sacrifice to preserve his honor untarnished.

Martha had never looked more beautiful than she did as she stood and addressed these gentlemen, some of whom were friends and acquaintances. For the time, she had forgotten every thing but the cause she came to present. She spoke with such simplicity and humility, depicting so earnestly the efforts the family had made, and were willing to make, that none but themselves should lose by her father's indiscretion, that the harsh feelings of the directors toward Mr. Livingstone were very much lessened. They had liked him as a gentleman, as well as a business man, and were not sorry to look upon his fault as

leniently as they could. His daughter they knew only as a lovely and fashionable girl—they were surprised at her good-sense, and her evidently deep emotion, and the energetic part she had taken in straightening out this unpleasant affair. Not one of them felt disposed to deny her request. Out of sincere admiration for her, they were willing to relieve her anxiety. Wisdom also counseled that, just at that critical time with them, it would be imprudent to shake the confidence of the public in their concern by announcing their losses. The looks they turned upon Jacob Reynard were just such as his conduct merited. He tried to keep on a bold face, but the pure, glowing countenance of the young girl abashed him in spite of his incredible effrontery. While the directors were consulting among themselves, he arose and shuffled out, throwing upon Martha a look of malice which chilled her, as he went by her.

In a very few moments the young girl, who stood trembling holding the back of a chair, with the color fluctuating like waves in her cheek, received the assurance that if her father would present himself before the board the next day, matters should be settled without any public exposure, and as liberally as possible.

Her tearful, smiling eyes spoke her thanks, and she was escorted to the street by the president, who hailed a stage for her and placed her in it, a kindness for which she was grateful, when she saw her enemy lurking at the corner, evidently waiting for her. It was not until she once more stood within her own home, that she realized what she had been doing and how severely she had tasked her little strength.

"Mother, it is all right. They have promised all I asked. Ralph! is that you?—oh, I am so glad!" was all she said, before the excitement which had sustained her gave way, and she fell fainting into Mr. Irving's arms.

She had grown thin, and now looked pale as a broken lily—her illness showed its effects more plainly than it had hitherto done.

"Ralph, I leave her to you and Floribel. I must go now to see my husband. We have been in trouble since you were here. Oh, dear! oh, dear! yes, and we are not out of it, nor ever will be! It's more than I shall be able to bear!" and Mrs. Livingstone, with a moan, wiping her eyes, went out, leaving the new-comer in distressed perplexity of mind as to the meaning of all this confusion.

(*To be continued.*)

HOME DUTIES AND HOME ENJOYMENTS.

THERE is a class of blessings so quiet and peaceful, that men seldom pause to take note of them; and yet no others on earth are so precious. I mean *social blessings*. But, invaluable as they are, their history is unwritten. The achievements of armies, the machinery of governments, and the lives of great men, are nearly all that the historian has recorded. In fact, most that makes up the social life of people can not come before the public eye. It lies in the shadow of more imposing objects, and the veil of privacy covers it. But should their history be written, they would be found to have governed, unseen, those greater events on which men gaze with wonder. The great ones, who have led in public affairs, and stamped their impress on their age, have themselves come from the bosom of social life, and form the shaping power of its silent influences. They have been borne up on the flood they seemed to guide. They were the index, not the contents of their age.

But if much of private life is insignificant to the world, and much too dark to look upon, still, it might present some of the brightest pictures, which it were refreshing to study. If it does not show us heroes in the bat-

tle-field, and kings in palaces, it might exhibit many a peaceful community thriving in all the arts of industry; many a neighborhood consulting its common interests in unpretending council, or gathering in smiling circles of friendship; and many a hamlet and cottage sprinkling valley and hill-side; every day the centres of honest toil and pleasant cares, and every evening gathering a joyous company around a cheerful fire to mingle the voice of innocent mirth, and song, and praise—the homes of affection, and virtue, and peace. You might see greatness without its show, worth without its pretence, and every kindly feeling of humanity rooting itself in warm hearts, and blooming out in its own freshness and beauty.

We are all made for society. The best virtues are dwarfed, the best sympathies dry up, and man's whole nature becomes one-sided and selfish when he isolates himself from common interests and the common weal. He needs to link himself to the living trunk of human society, or, like a severed branch, he falls withered and useless. The vitality of our nature must flow into it through those various ties which hold men together in a social life. Every natural tie feeds some natural affection; every affection is a source of some new joy; and thus all social ties were intended to enter into one still higher, stronger, and happier, that binds us to the beneficent Author of every joy.

But, like all other natural gifts intended to bless, if perverted, they may bring a curse. It is, then, an important question, how the advantages designed to grow out of the social relations may be secured.

The social enjoyment of a people depend upon their social character; their social character is very much the result of social training, and this training is mostly in the household—the family *at home*. And if we notice, also, the wider relations of society branching out through all its departments, we find they rest on the

same basis; their corner-stone is *home*. To the question, then, how can social enjoyments be promoted? The answer is—*make your homes happy*.

Let us suggest, then, some things which may tend to promote the happiness of home.

1. Each in the home circle must have a benevolent spirit, or have a disposition to make the rest happy. If one be heedless of the wishes of the others, but tenacious of his own gratification, he acts on a selfish principle, which can sunder all human ties. A benevolent spirit will lead to frequent self-denial for others' good, and it is the corner-stone on which the happiness of home must rest.

2. Avoid the positive causes which tend to mar the peace of home. Every thing which will be likely to displease, if unnecessary, should be avoided. The happiness of a day may be destroyed by a single word or action, and its repetition may keep a family in constant turmoil. Small things may embitter life. He who would knowingly give unnecessary pain is wanting in human feelings.

3. Each must have a forbearing spirit.

No one, that knows himself, imagines that he is perfect, even as a social being. He needs the forbearance of others, and he must be willing to extend it to them. To ask perfection in others, when one has only imperfections to give in return, is not a fair exchange. There will often be difference of opinion, but there need be no alienation of feeling. Let the judgment lean to the side of charity, and what charity can not cover, let forbearance excuse.

4. Be ready to ask forgiveness.

Many are too little to do this. But nothing can so stamp one's character with the seal of true greatness, as a free, open, penitent acknowledgment of a wrong, whenever it has been done. And when such spirits are together, harmony can not long be broken, though the house be small.

5. Cultivate an open, communicative spirit.

An open expression of thought and feeling leads to a wider comparison of views, to more intelligent judgments, and to a knowledge of one another, which removes distrust, and forms the only true basis of mutual confidence and sympathy. Minds can not flow into one another unless they know each other—unless they are open and communicative. Most subjects may be familiarly conversed upon. At least a spirit of reserve should be avoided. If characteristic of a family in their relations to each other, it stops the spontaneous outflowing of feeling and thought; it deadens sympathy, chills affection, and thus breaks the sweetest charm of home.

6. Another requisite is the faithful performance of relative duties.

Every social relation involves corresponding social duties. Husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister, owe to each other respectively the duties of these relations. It is a fundamental law, in all the relationships of society, that they involve reciprocal duties which balance one another. And if a person sustain a relation and neglect its duties, he violates the very principle of harmony in the social system. He disowns his own nature. He is worse than an infidel.

7. Cultivate a relish for useful knowledge.

Some of the family, at least, have leisure. Let them so use it as to increase the common stock of knowledge. If the family dwell only on the routine of daily affairs, or on events of mere local importance, their minds will want vigor and scope. The hour of leisure will drag heavily. Life will pass in a dull monotony. Home will be wanting in attractiveness. But enlarge and elevate the thoughts of the home circle, and it will give vigor to the intellect and freshness to the feelings; it will waken the spirit of inquiry, prompt to diligent reading and study, and pour into the daily conversation

vivacity, variety, and elevated sentiment. Let young minds grow up surrounded by a spirit of intelligence which reads, which investigates; not mere news of the day, but that which is of substantial importance—the very kernel of truth. It is dangerous to the happiness of a family, if its leading members sink into mental sluggishness. Many a young mind has sought low and vicious excitement abroad, for want of proper mental employment at home.

8. Cherish the social affections.

Nothing can supply the want of these. They give to domestic life its bloom and fragrance. Under their influence every burden is light, every employment cheerful, every care sweet. Without them all mutual service is a kind of task-work, and life itself cold and cheerless. A sense of duty, however strong, is not sufficient. A determination to do just what one is obliged to do, in the thousand little cares of domestic life, overtakes the conscience, and leaves little room for the play of the affections. These are not altogether spontaneous. They may be cherished—directly, by little attentions and kindnesses which feed them; indirectly, by avoiding whatever drinks up their life—seeking pleasure abroad, apart from the family—self indulgence, too absorbing pursuit of wealth or honor—any thing which does not give room for the growth and play of the social affections. We are too much a restless, outgoing, worldly people. There is a wearisome plodding which exhausts the body, depresses the mind, hardens the sensibilities, and drinks up the warm, the playful, and the affectionate, those heart-smiles which are the sunlight of home. What is stern, overreaching, and ambitious in active life, preponderates over what is cordial, confiding, and affectionate in social life. We need a more tropical atmosphere to breathe its blandness and transparency through our feeling and manner. Our social character wants depth, and warmth, and simplicity, and genuine-

ness. We are too calculating, selfish, unsympathizing, heartless. We should be more ready to rejoice with them that rejoice, and to weep with them that weep; to look, not every man on his own things, but also on the things of others; to be kindly affectioned one to another, in honor preferring one another. And until that religion which comes from the atmosphere of heaven shall breathe its own true spirit in our hearts, to temper our worldliness, to deepen our feelings, and to open the fountains of sympathy, we shall have a wintry climate; the frost will creep in to the very hearthstone of domestic joys, and freeze up the fountains of social happiness.

Of what pure affections and warm sympathies has a kind Providence made us capable! And He instituted the social relations for them, that they might grow out from them, and, like blossoms on our sterner nature, shed their sweetness upon human life. Tender and precious are the ties that bind us to the dear circle of home. Husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister—the nearest, the sweetest ties that earth can know; and these, gathered up and sheltered under one roof, and blending together all their endearments!

If one have a happy home, he will carry its cheerful spirits with him in the world; it will shine out in the smiles of his countenance, and others that sit not by his fireside will feel its warmth. It matters not so much that in the jostle of a selfish world one sometimes meets its stern competition, its coldness, or even its treachery, if he can turn daily to refresh himself in a home of true smiles, and genuine virtues, and warm affections. There is in this world no place like a happy home! There is no computing its influence on happiness or character. Nothing has such a shaping power as home influences. They are first and deepest, and habitual. They are penetrating and all-pervading. They touch every spring and element of the character. It is here one appears

what he is. Abroad he may be another person. Temporary feelings may govern him. He may wear the dignity of station, or ape the manners of fashion. At home, he is himself. And how refreshing, if we are permitted to lift the curtain which conceals the private life of one honored by the world, to find that he has all those lively traits of social character, those fresh, and simple, and kindly feelings which go out playfully of their own accord, in a thousand ways, and are the genial sunshine of home. If we revered the man before, we *love* him now, and raise our estimate of his true greatness. Would that all who are honored and useful abroad, were qualified to be *happy, and to make others happy at home*. But the qualities essential to this do not come of themselves; they must be sought and cherished. Oh, to have light in one's dwelling—in one's early, first home! so that in after years, whenever he wanders in a dark world, he may think of *one* bright spot, the home of his childhood, and in hours of sadness feast upon its hallowed recollections, and dream of it as the sweetest image of heaven.

JOHN WRIGHT, OF ELLVILLE.

BY MARY J. CROSMAN.

"I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to court,
And thought that all of married life
Was just such pleasant sport;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
No care was on my brow;
I scarce could wait to shut the gate—
I'm not so anxious now!"

PARODY OF PHOEBE CARY.

IN some battle between the Russians and Tartars, in the north of Asia, a private soldier called out, "Halloo, captain! I've caught a Tartar!" "Fetch him along, then!" said the captain. "Ay, but he won't let me," said the man; and the fact was, the Tartar had caught him.

Alas, for John Wright! he, like the Russian, had caught a Tartar—of the female genus. It came to pass on this wise:

John was a quiet, well-to-do bach-

elor on the sunny side of forty. His excellent farm lay a mile from the village of Ellville, and had just received the addition of a really fine house—the finest for many miles around. The Ellville houses were all very good, but had been mostly built ten or fifteen years before, and some of them much longer; and the Ellville people were generally staid, and aristocratic, and conservative to the last degree. Some boasting matrimonial wisdom, predicted, after the house was duly finished and furnished, that now John could marry anybody he chose.

The philosophy of temporal things laying within his own sphere, John understood perfectly; his book-learning was not extensive, but in the school of experience he had proved an apt scholar; steadily and surely he had grown rich—weekly and daily some windfall of greater or less value, in reality the result of care or industry, had fallen at his feet. Many looked upon John Wright as one on whom the good fates especially cared for. "He never has a bad debt," the less-careful business-man would remark. "His crops are always the best about," an easy farmer would observe.

Spiritual things, I am sorry to say, exercised the mind of our hero but very little, and that little exercise was indulged in but sparingly; yet, he had a theory picked up from desultory readings—vague and intangible, however. It was his practice now and then to attend church; he dealt justly with his neighbor, and remembered that the poor we had always with us; so the world wrote on the corner-stone of his foundation the familiar inscription, "He leads a better life than many a church-member." But for all that, his life said to the Great Shepherd, "I have no need of thee—good works and an upright life cancel my guilt; I have defrauded no man; I have corrupted no man," etc. By His spirit, the Good Shepherd said, "I am the door—*by me* if any man enter in he shall be

saved; he that climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber."

John Wright took the liberty of thinking otherwise; the spirit-voice was still and small—the voices of the world clamorous and compulsory; so he heeded the latter, though deep in his heart were hurried answers of "some other time," and "a more convenient season." Still, he read a chapter in his Bible every Sunday, taking good care to shun extremes, like the boatmen, in the old story, when sailing between Scylla and Charybdis, for to *his* mind one extreme in theological promises implicated the other.

Mrs. Wright, John's mother, was quite a domestic woman—a good economist, a tidy, thorough house-keeper, and one who liked her own way extremely.

In his younger days, John had seen the time which all men are said to see—in other words, he had loved and been beloved. Susan Morris was the daughter of his next neighbor; she was a fair, blue-eyed girl, gentle and trusting, with a love for John that knew no bounds; whether she moulded bread and pastry by the pantry-window, or sat with her sewing in the north-room door, her glances and thoughts strayed toward the meadow or harvest-field in which he labored.

But John's mother had more ambitious notions to be realized; besides, she had secretly determined that her own rights should remain unfringed till there was some necessity in the case; and he, as philosophical and matter-of-fact as ever, looked the ground over with his mother's eyes, and adopted her conclusion. But there was a pain in his heart that night, as they two sat alone in the north room, when he told Susan how the future lay before him; his eyes moistened as hers grew dim; and the rose-color went out from her cheek as she said, "O John! must it be so?"

But now that fifteen years had added to the infirmities of Mrs. Wright, now that the house with two rooms, a pantry, and a bed-room, had given place to one requiring a deal more care, she desired him to marry. (Susan, by the way, had been a wife just twelve years.) So, with his mother's thought before him, it may be, as he sat reading one Sabbath morning in the shade of the honeysuckle that draped the south veranda, his eye fell upon the passage, "Two are better than one;" the idea was quickly followed by Paul's injunction, "Ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands," and forgetting that woman-kind, like the rest of the world, were not always subjectionable, a dreamy, delicious mood came over him. He raised his eyes from the book of inspiration to the book of nature, whose leaves were then written over with the glorious sayings and predictions of the prophetess June.

A half hour passed; his nephew, Johnny, the only child of his only sister, who, on her dying bed, had given him to their hands, came up eagerly, saying, "Grandma says it's most meeting-time; and I'm going to wear my new belt and cap, and mayn't I carry the new whip, uncle?"

John gazed fondly at those blue, pleading eyes—eyes like those which were closed forever on the day that Johnny's opened to the light. As the clock struck ten, Mr. Wright's carriage, bearing himself, his nephew, and the new whip, rolled out of the gateway drawn by a pair of spirited, black horses. "Two are better than one," again thought Mr. John, as the blooming widow Raymond swept gracefully into church; nevertheless, he kept his eye intently on the minister.

Mrs. Raymond, though but thirty-seven, was in the second year of her second widowhood. She dressed elegantly, had a bold, unfeminine beauty, and a dash and brilliancy of manner quite captivating. She had visited her uncle, Col. Wheaton, one of the

first aristocrats of Ellville, before; and at those times Mr. John had the pleasure of meeting her.

After service, the colonel (whose title had been received once on a training-day) invited our friend home to dine with him. This was in leafy June; suffice it to say that the next New Year's morning, clear and glittering, looked in through lace-curtained windows upon Mr. and Mrs. John Wright; and if those predecessors, who had been but were not, could have looked in also, they would have invoked for the hopeful groom strength sufficient for his day.

The honey-moon passed off very agreeably, dotted with receptions, parties, sleigh-rides, etc., and then Mr. John began to think of settling down to enjoy domestic quiet; he returned to his working suit, took upon himself various cares delegated to others; and Mrs. Wright, senior, no longer put on her white, stone china, nor her best pickles, nor her fruit cake for tea; and Mrs. Wright, junior, began to fall into *her* old habits of ennui, and murmuring.

The second term of Mrs. Wright's widowhood had been brightened by the companionship of thirteen thousand dollars; returning to her paternal home, the income had been expended on journeys, jewels, and silks; it was really pleasant to know what was one's own, and to be allowed to spend it as one chose; but, unknown to her, a certain clause in the last will and testament of the deceased, cut off the annuity when she should become the wife of another; the purse-strings of her husband and those of her extorting agent, she found, had different degrees of tenacity. Like the kalmia, she was a very handsome but poisonous flower—ah, yes, *poisonous*! the domestic aura declared it; the impure breathings of her morality sealed the same truth; and Mr. John, deep in his heart, felt that he had trodden on the beautiful, sweet-scented violet, that he might hold in his hand the showy but scentless kal-

mia. In all the domestic catalogue, Mrs. Wright's pet labors were making cake and piecing bed-quilts. The former was a science with her whose mysteries and varied phases she could interpret through all the intermediate degrees between the "queen's loaf" and the "poor man's cake." She was at home in all the various windings of the latter, from the simple "nine-patch" to the complicated "wilderness." But as these were not the sole sine-qua-nons of existence, neither the greatest, perhaps their value was underrated in the Wright family.

Noticing two of the varied experiences in Mr. Wright's history, we leave him to all the cannubial bliss that, dentist-like, he may extract from the passing years. Their parlors were separated by folding doors; Mrs. Wright, junior, in her journeys the summer before, had fallen in love with a later style of architecture, and she petitioned her spouse to have the doors removed, and their place supplied by a fluted archway, from which should depend damask curtains, to be looped with heavy cords and tassels.

"It would be so much nicer—you can't think," was the finale of every argument which the lady used in behalf of the archway; but John, willfully blind, as manhood sometimes is, failed to appreciate her reasoning, and refused to be guided by it. "I'll show him," was her mental resolve; the contested point was laid aside quietly, and Mr. John, the next time he went to Ellville, brought home to his wife the very silk dress she had so long coveted, in consideration of her regard for his will.

Two or three weeks afterward, Mr. Wright's mother was sent for to visit her sister who was then lying dangerously ill. It was only thirty miles distant, and the next morning, after receiving the word, they went out to L. . . . in their own conveyance.

As the carriage disappeared over the last hill-top that bound their eastern prospect, Mrs. Wright dispatched a messenger to Ellville for

the three carpenters who had three years before built their house. It was with a cheerful, happy countenance that Mrs. Wright hurried about making incipient arrangements for the workmen. After they had arrived and looked over the rooms, thinking what a pity to disturb the symmetry and proportion thereof, Mr. Wales, the foreman, wiping the perspiration from his forehead and replacing his straw hat, ventured to ask, "what Mr. Wright would think when he came home?"

"He'd be glad to have it done without any trouble to him—he's so busy just now, you know, and going out there will hinder a week; that's why I am anxious to have the job hurried up, and remember if I am suited, Mr. Wright will be; you needn't be afraid of losing your pay," said she, with a bland laugh; "the money's ready when the work is done, and before, if you want it."

"Oh,—no thought of that, ma'am," replied Mr. Wales, a little embarrassed; "I'll get the materials and come on to-morrow morning."

"Please, aunty, mayn't I take three ears of pop-corn to school to-day?" pleaded Johnny, pulling at the cord which fastened her morning-dress. "Georgy Spring's a-going to bring his popper, and the schoolma'am said we might pop it before school."

"No, you mayn't; little boys don't go to school to pop corn," was the ascetic answer.

Johnny turned away with tears in his blue eyes, thinking that the contract made with Georgy Spring must be broken, as well as the promise to give Maggie Lee two double-handfuls of the whitest and best of the corn.

The carpenters turned away also; Mr. Wales taking some measurements with his square, figuring with pencil and paper, now and then looking up at the doomed doors in the way of calculating, as a little habit of squinting the eyes indicated; when the style of the archway was decided on, Mr. Wales went to obtain the

materials, and the other workmen proceeded to take down doors, etc.

In spite of their haste and united efforts, Mr. John came home before the work was completed. As he neared the house, sounds of the "ax and hammer" smote his ear. Well for Mrs. Wright her husband was a very prudent and philosophical man; he believed and practiced the old maxim, "what can not be cured must be endured." His aunt had passed through the crisis of her disease, and began to mend slowly before he left; so his mother was to remain with her for some little time, and he was glad in his heart for it. On an early occasion he said to Mrs. Wright very decidedly, that when he had expressed his disapproval of any change, it would not be safe for her to adopt it. His auditor made some remarks, then relapsed into a sullen silence; but after the crimson damask was bought and hung, the domestic machinery got back to its usual balance.

A year had passed, and Mrs. Wright was again spending a few weeks with her only sister, whose constitution yet suffered from the attack of the previous spring. She was not as much of a keeper at home, having more leisure (?) since her daughter-in-law's advent among them. She thought strongly of taking Johnny with her—his aunt had such a dislike for him; she was never fond of children, and "such a spoiled, petted, good-for-nothing boy as Johnny was," she declared, "was intolerable." But his uncle wanted him to ride the horse when he plowed; and it was decided for him to remain.

The day came for Mr. John to go after his mother; early in the morning he was under way, for the atmosphere savored strongly of a storm. About noon there was a heavy rain for half an hour or more, and then the dark clouds broke away,—still the north looked angry and threatening.

Johnny was not very well that day and had staid from school. After the first rain, his aunt wanted him go to

to the village and get her some red and green calicoes—a half yard of red and three quarters of green; she was piecing them after the pattern of the tulip, and had fallen short a little.

“I’m afraid it will rain, aunty; just see how dark it looks in the north; grandma says that’s a sure sign, and I don’t feel quite as well as I did this morning, either.”

“Like as not the exercise will do you good; besides, the west is the place to look for a storm, and that’s clear enough. I’m in a great hurry about my bed-quilt; your grandma thinks it’s so foolish to have more than quilts enough to keep warm with; so you fix up, and when you get back I’ll give you a piece of that nice cake I made the other day; I cut out some last night, and it’s first-rate.”

Johnny drew on his plaid, stuffed sack, slowly tied his cap under his chin, said, “Yes, ma’am,” when his aunt told him to go and be back as soon as he could, and “Good-by,” as he went out at the door.

“I don’t know but it’s most too bad to urge him off,” she said, half aloud, while standing by the window; “but he’s babied so much there’s no spirit in him; any thing but a grandmother to bring up a child! and I might say an indulging uncle was just as bad.”

Mrs. Wright turned into the parlor, regarding the arching and damask which had taken the place of the folding doors with an admiring eye, made some slight rearrangements, then went into the kitchen and expressed several wishes to be carried into effect at tea-time, and, after putting on her neck a small, wrought collar and a cameo pin, she returned to the tulip she was piecing.

Mrs. Wright did not fascinate one at home in her every-day garb, as when under excitement and in full dress; her large, black eyes needed some illumination, her heart to be pleurably inspired,—and, in a general way, she found very little in domestic quiet to inspire her.

Johnny went to the store, did his

errand, and when half way home, the clouds in the north fulfilled their angry promises. He was drenched with rain, and caught a severe cold.

On the third day, when Mr. Wright and his mother reached home, they found Johnny with flushed cheeks and oppressed breathing, with mustard drafts on his feet and sides, lying very quietly in “grandma’s bed.” He smiled faintly as they entered the room. The Ellville doctor had just finished writing his prescription, and was preparing to leave, saying that he would call again in the morning.

It was the seventh day:

“There lay the boy, his innocent, curly head
Nestled upon the pillow, and his face
Lit with the solemn and unearthly grace
That crowns but once the children of our race;
God gives it when he takes them—he was dead!”

It was a crushing blow to the grandmother, for the darling child had a sunny, genial temper like those of her household with the dead, and the delicately-fashioned features had now no copy on the earth save in the memory that brightened but a few hearts. And yet the dispensation was to her a savor of life unto life, and to Mr. John also; it swept away many of his broken reeds—it revealed to his mind a great truth; but, alas! for the hopes entwining that young life—alas, for the love that had flowed out so freely, that now came back with such a sorrowful rebound!

Oh, the burdens which every pilgrim in the life-path must bear! Could the history of every heart be read, the tears be bottled, and the sighs all counted!

* * * * *

A week ago there was a death in Ellville,

And a grave more deep and wide
Made they there by Johnny’s side.

There, where her husband was laid in the spring-time of life; where her daughter was borne just as the crown of motherhood was to wreath her brow; where the dear grandchild was buried from her sight, rests the elder Mrs. Wright. Her last hours were radiant with immortal hope.

ON THE DETERIORATION OF THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

BY DR. JOHN K. FRANCIS.

THE irrational life which a large portion of our people are leading, is fast undermining the general health. The lowering of the average duration of life, the young old-men one meets in any half-hour's walk, the great increase of mortality in proportion to the aggregate of population, all prove that American health is not as good, as uniform, or as extended in period as that of almost any other enlightened country. Thus, in England, men are expected to reach the age of sixty years, just as much a matter of course, as they are here expected to attain the age of forty years. In England men of eighty years are not rare, but *very* numerous—here they are rarely found. In England the women are in the maturity of their beauty and health at the age of forty-five—here they are broken down and decidedly old at that precious period of life. In England young men are young men until at least twenty-five, playing at ball and cricket and other *boyish* games as their privilege—here the young man ceases to be such at twenty, and serenely puts on the airs of the man of care and business. In England children are children until seventeen—here they cease to be children at ten. In England it is proper and fashionable for men and women to wear heavy shoes, and take walks of miles over the fields and quiet roads—here it is voted “vulgar” to wear thick shoes, and to walk out alone in the fields and byways is regarded as suspicious.

This list of differences might be run out to great length—every item favoring the English system of life and procedure. What we desire, in this present paper, is to present the facts of this disparaging contrast to our readers, hoping, in the exposition, a cure may suggest itself to the reasonable mind, and that, therefore, in our small way, we may contribute to

the rational enlightenment of our irrational people in the question of health and happiness.

Starting with the child, as we have shown in previous papers, the American parent begins the unseasonable system of education called “development,” which results in giving the child a thin, careworn face at the age of ten or twelve. Then the boarding-school and music-lessons, and German and French teachers, come forward to *do* the “accomplishments,” and at sixteen the girl is “fitted for society.” In the case of the boy, the process is much the same, in *forcing* the mind to hasty development; and early entrance upon the duties of life is made the chief care of the impatient and injudicious parent. As a consequence, the race of dyspeptic, and consumptive, and nervous persons, is growing so rapidly in numbers that it gives *character* to our people. We meet with lugubrious faces everywhere. May-day only calls out pale foreheads to press the sweet turf. June roses only come to sweeten the rest of the invalid. Oh, sad realization of Nature's purposes! She, kind mother, gave us frames of health and senses of intelligence to enjoy all the sweets and good things of life; yet so few rationally and fully do enjoy them!

The English make recreations, exercises, enjoyment, a *requisite* in their educational system. Children are taught to be children, not to put on the graces and faces of old people. Here, then, is the secret of the general completeness of the English physique and health. The foundation is carefully laid when the whole system, mental and physical, is shaping itself, and it grows up in the fairest proportions. All through life the love of exercise, of judicious amusement, of manly development, is encouraged, and nothing is allowed but extreme necessity to circumscribe the English man and woman's seasons of release from all thought of business and care. That it is not so here is painfully apparent, even in our very ideas of per-

sonal beauty. We call a Scotchwoman coarse, because she has a well knit, evenly-balanced frame, because she is hardy and capable of enduring great fatigue. We call the Englishwoman red or beef faced, because she shows, in the clear, deep crimson of her cheeks, the unmistakable signs of pure blood, healthy organization, and great elasticity of muscle. We regard the Germans as plethoric, unimpressive, and uncultivated, because they are of heavy limbs, full in flesh, and quiet in their enjoyment. A picture by Rembrandt or Van Dyck is classed as coarse in the beauty of its forms. To embody the American standard of beauty, the person must be fair-skinned, approaching to paleness, (which can only come of confinement in the house, or of ill-health and flaccid muscle); must be small in stature rather than large, (a large frame being decidedly coarse); must be easily fatigued, incapable of hard labor, ignorant of all the laws of physiology, narrow-hipped, small-limbed, attenuated in the feet, devoted to stimulants to keep up nervous vitality, etc., etc. *This is the American idea of beauty of person!* No wonder we are a short-lived, restless, irascible, people!

What we need first, is *more* independence. Notwithstanding our boasted declaration that all men are created free and equal, with certain inalienable rights in the pursuit of liberty and happiness, no people on the face of the earth are more anxious to be better than their neighbors, to feel superior in social position to others, to create distinctions in favor of wealth and money. There is less real *personal* independence in America than in any country in Europe; and the lackey and liveried "servant," mounted like a baboon on the *most conspicuous* seat of the carriages of our "first families," is but an index of the pride and contempt of equality which fester beneath the bodice of the American toga of dollars. Until we *dare* to dress as we please; to live in the style most convenient and

proper to our means; to eat what we please, be it rice, beans, or hominy; to make associations upon the principle of moral and mental worth rather than the worth of dollars; to hold in contempt French fashions and French ideas of virtue and happiness; until we dare to do all this, we can not hope to become a people of solid worth and well-balanced lives. But every parent can teach his children to love, honor, and obey the parental head of home; to love pure things because they are pure; to love upright, simple lives because they are most conducive to the true growth of mind, body, and soul; to aim for excellence, not from motives of pride and egotism, but from the desire to make the most and best use of the talent with which each is intrusted. A course of *home* instruction upon this principle will be sure to bring good fruit in after life; it will go far toward forming the true standard of criticism, so necessary in giving correct estimates for the guidance of general opinion; it will help immeasurably to break down the barriers money is erecting everywhere to mark the difference in station and "position" of respective persons.

In a future paper we shall refer more directly to the too general debility of our people, offering some hints and suggestions for the cure of evils upon us, and for their prevention.

A GERMAN KITCHEN.

ONE morning, being up unusually early, and having mistaken the hour, I made a sortie from my room to see how the world was getting on, and why Yettchen had not brought me my coffee; for I had forgotten to wind up my watch, and had, therefore no clue for discovering the hour of the day. I knocked gently at the door of the room adjoining my own. All was still; so, receiving no answer, I ventured to raise the latch, and peeped in.

It was the kitchen. Nobody was to be seen; so I advanced a step or two, for the purpose of making discoveries as to any peculiarities in domestic economy or household arrangements. The stove was placed in one corner of the room, and resembled a bright steel table; it was circular, and about three feet and a half in diameter. In this were four or five holes made to receive different-sized copper vessels, with covers, and a kettle of the same material for water. The fuel was laid into this stove underneath, and thus the whole apparatus was heated with little expense of coal, cinders, or coke, either of which are in frequent use. The arrangement for cooking, with its beautifully bright stoves and stewpans, free from all appearance of dust and blacks, looked quite a lady-like business; and no wonder that the German ladies occupy themselves with the directing and overlooking the dressing of their dinners. Soups and vegetables are stewed in these dainty saucepans, and the roasting, or *braten*, as they call it, is only performed by placing the meat or poultry in the bottom of one of them, with sufficient butter to prevent its burning. It remains thus until the underside is a nice brown, when it is turned and basted, and so on, until each part is well dressed. I saw, some time after, a brace of partridges cooked in this manner, and they looked quite as tempting as when roasted before the fire. The mistress's constant presence in these kitchens has a wonderful and almost fascinating effect on the cleanliness and state of excellent neatness and preservation in which every thing is found in their kitchens—a matter worthy of imitation at home, where the blame of negligence and untidiness of the American mistress is often laid on the shoulders of her cook, who would have been a good, and clean, and trustworthy servant, had her employer only performed her share of duty, by keeping her up to a diligent performance of her task, and encouraging her by approval, when com-

mendation was deserved. I will not go so far as to say that these people are consistently clean; but I never saw an exception, in the case of culinary utensils or kitchen apparatus. But I shall now have to relate a contradiction to this statement, in one respect, by saying that, having peeped into every thing in the neighborhood of the stove, I went toward the further end of the apartment, when I perceived a pair of dark eyes staring at me out of the great chest. I uttered an "Oh!" and started, when the head was raised, having a close, knitted night-cap on, and the smiling face of Yettchen greeted me, as she made a sign to me to be quiet. I then perceived that she was lying in her bed, which was made in a large, deep chest, which, when the lid was down, served as the kitchen table, during the day. Before I had recovered from my astonishment, she had jumped into the middle of the boarded floor, in her *blue print* night-dress—the material of which, I afterward found, was frequently used for night-gear by very respectable people, both for themselves and their children, because it saved washing. Yettchen's bed consisted of loose straw in a sacking, a wadded colored old quilt next it, and a *plumeau* or feather bed, as a covering; besides the colored pillow, there was nothing more—no sheets, no blankets—in fact, nothing white, or which could show *use*, was to be seen. As the girl got out of it, she shut it up, until she should again seek repose within its narrow precincts. I observed two strong-looking springs fixed into the wall behind the chest, which tightly held back the lid of the box when in use, lest the story of the Old Oak Chest should be enacted over again, in the person of poor Yettchen.

The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions, he had contracted in the former.

THE UNCLE FROM AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF EMILE
SOUVESTRE.

ALTHOUGH in the beginning of this century Dieppe had already lost much of its importance, its maritime expeditions still possessed a grandeur that in the limited commerce of these days we can hardly imagine. The times for fabulous fortunes had not so entirely passed away, that one might not from time to time behold the return of some of these unexpected millionaires from distant countries, and without too much credulous simplicity still believe in the reality of *uncles from America*. In fact, more than one merchant whose ships filled the port might then have been seen at Dieppe, who some twenty years before had set out in a simple sailor's jacket. These examples were an encouragement for the enterprising, and an eternal hope for the disinherited. They made the improbable possible, and the impossible probable. The unfortunate consoled themselves for the reality, in hoping for a miracle.

This miracle seemed near being accomplished for one small family in the little village of Omonville, situated four miles from Dieppe.

The widow Mauvaise had undergone hard experience. Her eldest son, the main sustenance of the family, had perished in a shipwreck, leaving four children in the charge of the old woman. This misfortune had prevented and perhaps broken the marriage of her daughter Clemence, while at the same time it deranged the projects of her son Martin, who was obliged to quit his studies to come and do his part of the work upon the farm.

But in the midst of the disquietude and dejection of the poor family a hope suddenly gleamed. A letter written from Dieppe announced the return of a brother-in-law of the widow, who had been absent twenty years. Uncle Bruno had returned *with some curiosities from the new world*,

as he expressed himself, and with the resolution of establishing himself at Dieppe. Although his letter contained nothing definite upon the subject, the son Martin, who had the reading of it, recognized, as he imagined, the style of a man too free and good-humored not to have become rich. Evidently the adventurer had returned with vessels of gold or silver, which he could not refuse to share with his family.

Once *en route*, imagination travels fast. Each one added his supposition to that of Martin. Even Julienne, the little god-child of the widow, who lived at the farm less as a servant than an adopted child, began to wonder what the uncle from America had brought to her.

"Ah, well, we need none of us doubt of the friendship Uncle Bruno has for us," said Martin, who had just finished a second reading of the letter aloud; "his letter says: 'I shall arrive to-morrow, at Omonville, with *all that I possess*,' which means that he does not intend to forget us."

"He must be now on his way here," interrupted the widow; "he may arrive at any moment. Have you prepared every thing, Clemence?" The young girl rose and opened the pantry, which disclosed an unusual abundance of good things, at the sight of which the children shouted with admiration. She then commenced laying the table, placed at the expected guest's place the least broket plate, and the only silver spoon that the family possessed. When these preparations were finished, one of the children, who had been eagerly watching outside, rushed in, crying, "Here he is! here he is!"

"Here is who?" exclaimed all voices.

"Hurrah! Uncle Bruno, to be sure!" replied a strong and jovial voice.

The whole family turned round and beheld a sailor standing upon the threshold of the doorway; he held in his right hand a green parrot, and in

his left a common-sized monkey. The children, frightened at the strange apparition, ran and hid themselves in their grandmother's lap, who could hardly herself keep from uttering a cry. Martin, Clemence, and the servant stood stupefied.

"What! are you afraid of my menagerie?" exclaimed Bruno, laughing. "Come, recover yourselves, good people, and let me embrace you. I have just walked three miles for that purpose." Martin ventured first; then came Clemence, the widow, and the largest of her grandsons; but nothing could induce the little girl or the youngest to approach him. "Bless me, I thought I never should reach here," he exclaimed. "Do you know Madame Mauvaise, it's something of a feat to run from Dieppe to your farm."

"Is it possible that you came on foot?" asked Martin, with surprise.

"What! do you suppose I came in a canoe through your cornfields?" replied the sailor, gayly.

Martin looked toward the door; "But—the luggage—" stammered he.

"My luggage? I have it all with me," said Bruno. "A sailor needs no other wardrobe than a pipe and a nightcap."

The widow and children looked at each other.

"I beg pardon," began Martin; "but after reading your letter I believed—"

"What, then? that I should arrive with a ship with three masts?"

"No," replied Martin, who forced himself to laugh agreeably, "but with your trunks—for a long sojourn, for you gave us reason to hope that you would remain a long time."

"I?" "And one proof, because you wrote that you should come with *all that you possessed*."

"Ah well, to be sure, here it is—all that I possess!" exclaimed Bruno, "my monkey and my parrot."

"What, is that all?" exclaimed the whole family with one voice.

"Except my sailor's chest, which

contains no lack of stockings without feet, and shirts deprived of sleeves! But one is none the sadder for that, children. As long as the conscience and stomach are all right, the rest is only a farce! Excuse me, sister-in-law, I see you have some cider there, and my long walk has quite dried up my throat," and he approached the table and began to drink. Seeing the cloth spread, he sat down without ceremony, and declared that he was dying with hunger.

The family looked dismayed, but nevertheless, willing or unwilling, they were obliged to serve the soup, potatoes, and smoking bacon, which had already been perceived by their guest; but the widow carefully closed the cupboard upon all the rest.

The sailor, whom Martin continued to interrogate, then related how for twenty years he had sailed in the seas of India, under different flags, without any other gain than his pay, which he had spent as soon as received, and finally at the end of an hour it appeared evident that the sole fortune of Uncle Bruno consisted of much good-humor and an excellent appetite, together with a parrot and a monkey.

The disappointment was general, and was severally manifested according to the character of each. Whilst with Clemence it awoke only surprise mingled with a little sadness, with Martin it became humiliated vexation, and with the widow regret and anger. This change of disposition was not long in expressing itself. The monkey having frightened the younger girl in chasing her, her grandmother declared it should be exiled to a neighboring stable; and the parrot having been permitted to peck in the plate of the sailor, Martin declared it impossible to support it. Clemence said nothing, but went out with Julienne to finish the household duties; while the widow resumed her seat at the spinning-wheel outside the door.

Left alone with his nephew, who in vain sought to conceal his annoyance

and disappointment, Uncle Bruno calmly set down his glass that he had emptied by gradual sips, whistled for a moment, then leaning forward and placing both elbows upon the table, looked Martin steadily in the face.

"Do you know, young man," said he calmly, "that the wind in this house appears to be slightly northeast? all your countenances strike chills to the heart, and no one has yet addressed the smallest word of friendship to me. Is this the way you receive an uncle whom you have not seen for twenty years?"

Martin abruptly replied that the reception was as good they could afford, and he could not expect to receive from them better cheer.

"But you are expected to show a better countenance," replied Bruno; "and, God bless me! you have received me like a frost; but, never mind, we'll say no more on the subject; I don't like domestic quarrels, but recollect, one day you will repent of it,—I tell you only that!"

Having thus spoken, the sailor cut himself another slice of bacon, and began again to eat.

Martin, struck with these last words, had a suspicion. Uncle Bruno would not have this air of assurance, thought he, if he only possessed, as he pretends, a monkey and a parrot. We have been the dupes of a *ruse*; he wished to try us, and the sort of threat that he has just made me has betrayed him; we must quickly try to repair our silliness and draw him back again!

He went immediately to his mother and sister to tell them of his discovery. They both returned with him with faces subdued and smiling. The widow excused herself for leaving her dear brother-in-law, on account of the house affairs, and confessed herself astonished not to see the table better served. "Good gracious! where is the cake?" she exclaimed; "and the tarts, and the cream that I had set aside for Bruno? Juliette, what were you thinking of? and you, Clemence,

see if there are not some nuts in the little pantry; they are good with cider." The young girl obeyed, and when all was on the table she sat down with a joyous face opposite the sailor. "Ah, good little girl," said he, "true daughter of my poor George! to-day is not the first time I have heard of you. Somebody has often talked to me of you."

"Somebody? Who?" exclaimed the young girl, astonished.

Before the sailor could reply, a loud and shrill voice exclaimed:

"Clemence!"

She turned round in amazement and saw no one.

"Ha! ha! you do not know who calls you," said Bruno, laughingly.

"Clemence! Clemence!" repeated the same voice.

"It is the parrot," cried Martin.

"The parrot!" exclaimed Clemence; "and who could have taught him my name?"

"Some one who has not forgotten it," replied Bruno, winking knowingly.

"You, my uncle?"

"No, my dear—but a young sailor a native of Omonville."

"Marc?"

"I believe that is his name."

"Have you seen him, then, my uncle?"

"Oh, a little, for the reason that I returned in the same ship with him."

"Is he then returned?"

"With something from his voyage which will permit him," said he, "to begin life without the need of a housewarming from his parents."

"And he has spoken to you—"

"Of you," said the sailor,—who finished the question of his niece,— "so often, that Jako, you see, has remembered the name."

Clemence blushed with delight, and the widow herself could not restrain a gesture of satisfaction. Bruno told her that he had been detained at Dieppe for a few days, but that he would probably arrive the next day, more in love than ever.

This news delighted all, but partic-

ularly Clemence, who embraced her uncle with a transport of gratitude. Bruno held her for a moment, her head on his shoulder.

"You have made one young creature happy, brother Bruno," said the widow, who watched the joy of Clemence.

"I wish, indeed, it was not the only one," remarked the sailor, assuming a serious look; "to you, too, dear sister, I should like to offer something; but I am afraid of awakening a sad remembrance in your heart."

"Ah! you speak of my son Didier?" exclaimed the old woman, with the lucid promptitude of a mother.

"You are right," replied Bruno; "we were unfortunately separated. Would that the good God had placed him in the same ship with me! but that is not all. I learned that some beggarly Lascars had sold all they could seize from the shipwreck, and, by dint of much inquiry and search, I found my poor nephew's watch, which I bought to bring you, sister-in-law. Here it is."

Thus speaking, he presented to the old woman a large silver watch, suspended to a tarred cord. The widow seized it, uttering a cry, and kissed it again and again. All the women wept. As to Bruno, he coughed, and tried to drink to keep down his emotion. When the widow could speak at all, she embraced her brother-in-law and thanked him warmly. All her bad humor had disappeared, and she thought only of the son who had so sadly been taken from her. The conversation with Bruno became then more free and amicable. His explanations prevented them from being longer deceived with regard to his real position. The uncle from America had truly returned as poor as he set out, and the inference of Martin was cast aside. Although this discovery definitely destroyed the hopes of the mother and daughter, they did not again change their manner, for all hearts had warmed toward Uncle Bruno, and the kindness that they had first mani-

festated from interest was now maintained from choice. The sailor, for whom they had exhausted all the resources of the humble farm, had just risen from the table, when Martin, who had been outside for a few moments, entered suddenly, and demanded of Bruno if he wished to sell his monkey.

"Rochambeau?" inquired the sailor. "No, indeed; I have brought him up, he obeys me, he is my servant and my companion; I would not sell him for ten times his value. But who wishes to buy him?"

"It is Monsieur the Count," said the young man. "He just passed by, and seeing the animal, he was so charmed with it that he begged me to set the price on it and bring it to him."

"Ah! well, you may tell him that we intend to keep it," replied Bruno, lighting his pipe.

Martin made a movement of disappointment. "It is playing with good fortune," said he. "M. the Count, remembering the promises he has formerly made me, told me that if I would see that he had the monkey, he would proceed to make arrangements to procure me that situation of receiver."

"Ah! bon Dieu! thy fortune would be made!" exclaimed the widow, eagerly.

"And thus," said Bruno, after a moment's reflection, "you hope, in yielding Rochambeau to the Count, to obtain the employment you desire?"

"I am sure of it," replied Martin.

"Well, then," exclaimed Bruno, abruptly, "I can not sell the animal, but I give it to you. Offer it to the Count, and he will appreciate your politeness."

There was a general concert of grateful thanks, which the sailor cut short by sending his nephew at once to the castle with Rochambeau. Martin was well received by the Count, who conversed some time with him, and, satisfied that he could fill the office he required, received him. The

joy of the family was at its height when he returned with this news. The widow, willing to expiate her wrongs, confessed then to the sailor the interested hopes she had at first entertained. Bruno burst into a laugh.

"By my baptism!" exclaimed he, "I have played you a good trick. You hoped for millions, and I have brought you instead two useless animals."

"You are mistaken, my uncle," said Clemence, sweetly; "you have brought us *three* priceless treasures; for, thanks to you, my mother has now a souvenir, my brother employment, and I—I have hope!"

DULL CHILDREN.

THE teacher of a large school had a little girl under her care, who was exceedingly backward in her lessons. She was at the bottom of the class, and seemed to care but little about what passed in it. During the school hours singing was sometimes employed as a relaxation, and noticing that this little girl had a very clear, sweet voice, her teacher said to her:

"Jane, you have a good voice, and you may lead the singing."

She brightened up, and from that time her mind seemed more active. Her lessons were attended to, and she made steady progress. One day as the teacher was going home, she overtook Jane and one of her school-fellows.

"Well, Jane," said she, "you are getting on very well at school; how is it that you do so much better now than you did at the beginning of the half year?"

"I do not know why it is," replied Jane.

"I know what she told me the other day," said her companion who was with her.

"And what was that?" asked the teacher.

"Why, she said she was encouraged."

Yes, there was the secret—she was encouraged. She felt she was not dull in every thing; she had learned self-respect, and thus she was encouraged to self-improvement.

Take a hint, dear fellow, and try to reach the intellect through the heart. Endeavor to draw out the dormant faculties of your children by discrimination, culture, and well-timed praise. Give them the credit whenever you can, and allure them with hopeful words. Many a dull-minded child has been made irretrievably stupid by constant fault finding or ungenerous sarcasm. And, on the other hand, how often has a genial smile or an approving remark awakened into new life some slow-learning scholar.

IDLE FEARS.

BY ALICE CARY.

IN my lost childhood old folks said to me,
"Now is the time and season of your bliss;
All joy is in the hope of joy to be,
Not in possession, and in after years
You will look back with longing sighs and tears

To the young days when you from care were free."

It was not true—they nurtured idle fears—I never saw so good a day as this!

And youth and I have parted—long ago
I look'd into my glass and saw one day
A little silver line that told me so;
At first I shut my eyes and cried, and then
I hid it under girlish flowers, but when
Persuasion would not make my mate to stay,
I bow'd my faded head, and said, "Amen!"
And all my peace is since she went away.

My window opens toward the autumn woods:
I see the ghosts of thistles walk the air
O'er the long, level stubble-land that broods:
Beneath the herbless rocks that jutting lie,
Summer has gather'd her white family
Of shrinking daisies—all the hills are bare,
And in the meadows not a limb of buds
Through the brown bushes showeth anywhere.

Dear, beauteous season, we must say good-by,
And can afford to, we have been so blest,
And farewells suit the time—the year doth lie
With cloudy skirts composed, and pallid face
Under yellow leaves, with touching grace,
So that her bright-hair'd sweetheart of the sky
The image of her prime may not displace,
Nor see the pain that underlies her rest.

EDITOR'S RETREAT.

A W A K E.

WHAT sluggards we are, truly. Lying in bed until six, ay, seven o'clock, while the world has been up for hours! Ungrateful recipients of bounties and beauties, all wasted for us. A book before us has scarcely half told the story: "To be awake and out in summer morn at dawn, is to be first in a new Eden garden, alone with the God of old! what privilege! (our Eve has been left safe asleep in the four-poster, and the serpent himself keeps no such early hours). It seems to be the very first dawn that ever was, and all the villainy of the world to have clean vanished—along with the evil dreams and phantom fears of the night-time—or never to have existed at all. 'Let there be light' has just left the Divine lips, and, lo! a noontide without oppression, an indescribable mid-day coolness, or, it may be, summer-rain, soft falling, gracious, like a sensible blessing upon the heart and stretched-out hands. 'The lark can scarce shake out the notes for joy' of his matin hymn; the nightingale repeats 'perchance the self-same song that found a path through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home she stood in tears amid the alien corn;' and loud, and long, and lovingly she lingers over it." Pictures the poor denizen of the crowded city little understand, we fear. Thank God for the country, for the birds, and flowers, and groves, for the blessed "sweet influences" of the morning. Awake! O sluggard, and waste them not!

T O O L A T E.

How the words sound to the expectant! They are the refrain of lost joys, of blighted hopes, of broken promises, of prayers unanswered with us as we close our eyes in sleep, first with us when we awaken. We live a life of fear, of distrust, of anxiety, if the words are echoed after our steps; they tell of many a gray hair, and wrinkle, and unnerved system. How they must have told sorrows for the heart which lays this record in our keeping:

The night is heavy and dull with rain,
The wandering lights go hither and thither;

My faint breath blurs the window-pane,
And my wandering thoughts go—whither, ah,
whither?

Out, and along the pathless night—
Out, and over the sighing sea—
Through the misty gloom and the flitting light,
Till they steal to thee, beloved, to thee.

In at thy room, they have stolen still,
When thou sittest at work they come and go;
They are warm—but thy pulses they can not thrill,
They are weary—but rest thou wilt not bestow!

To see thee sitting so pale and cold,
They sob in their sorrow, and press thy cheek;
Yet thy welcoming smile thou dost long withhold,
And a word of soothing thou wilt not speak.

Thoughts, wild thoughts! come back to me,
Out of the chill of that loveless eye:
Better the rain, and the dark for ye,
Than in the chill of that glance to die.

Yet go and ask, through the misty dark,
While the wandering lights move hither and
thither,

If he will think of where we did hark,
The rain which beat on the casement, together.

Tell him no hope, nor fame, nor bliss,
Which over my way, like a star, hath cross'd,
Is to me so sweet, or so bright as this—
The love—his love—which I won, and lost!

That there is no past like the past which was ours,
No dreams like the dreams which our wild hearts
haunted;

No starlight, no moonlight, no clouds, no flowers,
Like those in the myth of our youth enchanted.

Ah! too long thou hast staid apart:
His calm face gives no sign or token;
He is strong and cold in his truth of heart,
While mine is weak, and grieved, and broken.

My breath, which blurs the window-pane,
Makes dim the lights that move hither and thither,
But not more dim than his calm disdain
Has made the hopes which flew—whither, ah,
whither?

T R U E C H A R I T Y.

There is a wellknown fable told of an ancient painter who opened a picture to public criticism, requesting that every person who observed a fault would put a mark upon it. When the artist came, in the evening, to take his painting home, he found it one mass of marks of disapprobation. Every critic had found in it something to condemn. The next day, having carefully erased the marks, the painter again displayed his work of art, requesting that every beholder who noticed

a beauty would put a mark upon it. At evening, he found the canvas was covered with signs of approbation. Every part had found its admirers in similar touches with those that had, only the day previous, been condemned by the critics.

Now is not this of wider application than to a single canvas? Just imagine that picture to have been a person's character, and how forcibly does its moral apply! Every life, no matter how well ordered, is so full of faults, and shortcomings, and sins, that the record of them would seem even frightful. Not he whose daily life seems most at war with society and virtue would have the darkest record, for many a man of goodly *outward* life may be, to himself, a miserable mass of deceit and vileness; so that it is hard to know of any if the good deeds and adorable virtues are more than the evil. But, let us be called upon to mark a man's moral and mental excellences, and how many they seem; how they seem to ennoble humanity; how they relieve our nature from the impeachment of the constant fault-finder and inconsistent censor!

If it is well to point out faults, that they may be corrected, it is better that virtues be recognized and applauded, that they may be stimulated rather than be repressed by non-recognition. Many a great and good life springs from some moment of pleasure or pain when the mastery is gained over a bad impulse; no incentive so powerful for that mastery as the credit which may be accorded each triumph of right principle and goodness of heart.

Let those hard, unchristian souls, whose missive seems to be fault-finding with human nature, take a lesson from the fable; and after years spent in marking the shortcomings of their kind, let them now spend their remaining days in applauding the virtues which they know to exist even for the most defamed: it is far better to have the tomb-stone say, "died, at peace with all men, and loved by all men for the charity meted out to all;" than to have the record, "died, regretted by none, for the heart of uncharitableness which he ever bore."

LOVE'S ANNIVERSARY.

We read of "The Anniversaries," and look

forward to their coming and to their proceedings with more or less of interest, since they tell the story of many a great and noble cause. They are the yearly conferences and celebrations of Christianized effort, imposing from their personal presences, inspiring in their exercises, full of hope in their final results. They are Anniversaries of the World and Will.

What of the Anniversary consecrated to the conference and celebration of connubial hopes and fears—to the story of life's individual history? Who hears of the remembrance of the season of love's consecration by the joyous gathering of friends, by the feast, the presentation of gifts? It is a thought suggestive of unpleasant inferences, that Love's Anniversary is so rarely celebrated. It argues carelessness or indifference in many, and unhappy marriage-relations in others. We can not be made to believe man's duty belongs to a cause more to be honored than the household over which he presides for good or for evil, and fain would see, in the *Homes* of America, more of the interest and enthusiasm shown in the gatherings of "the fathers" attending upon these yearly *fetes* of national importance.

THE SLEEP OF INFANCY.

Lady Willoughby, in her most admirable "Diary," thus piously and beautifully refers to the sleeping of babes: "There are seasons peculiarly sweet and soothing; there seemeth something holy in the air of the dimly-lighted chamber, wherein is no sound heard but the soft breathing of the sleeping infant. I feel at such times as if brought nearer to the Divine presence; and, with every care and busy thought gathered into silence, almost seem as though admitted to the company of the angels who keep their appointed watch around the little child; one desire only filling my soul, that my children may grow up to walk in the way of the righteous; at such moments, too, how clearly is perceived and acknowledged the claim of the Creator over the young creature He hath formed. He hath breathed into it the breath of life, and hath made it a living soul, and hath given it to a mother's keeping. She boweth herself before Him, and receiveth from His hand this pearl of great price, when the

Lord maketh up His jewels to be required of her again."

THE TWAIN PRESENCES.

"How-d'-ye-do!" is a most cheery lass, making many a heart and lip to utter benison of welcome. Is not the echo of her name sweet *ye-do*?

"Good-by!" Ah, there is a sinking of the heart, a filling of the eye, when her name is mentioned. She stands ever behind How-d'-ye-do, when the welcome is uttered, ready to whisper her warning; and so she has become the guest for whom we have no salt. (Worse than Arabs, then, we are, for they offer salt even to an enemy).

The unwelcome guest, however, has found a defender. Some good poet-friend has put in this kindly and well-timed plea for the much-lamented Presence:

One day GOOD-BY met HOW-D'-YE-DO,
Too close to shun saluting;
But soon the rival sisters flew
From kissing to disputing.
"Alway!" says HOW-D'-YE-DO; "your mien
Appalls my cheerful nature—
No name so sad as yours is seen
In sorrow's nomenclature!
Whene'er I give one sunshine hour,
Your cloud comes o'er to shade it;
Whene'er I plant one bosom flower,
Your mildews drop to fade it;
Ere HOW-D'-YE-DO has tuned each tongue
To 'Hope's delighted measure,'
GOOD-BY in friendship's ear has rung
The knell of parting pleasure.
From sorrows past my chymic skill
Draws smiles of consolation:
While you from present joys distill
The tears of separation."
GOOD-BY replied, "Your statement's true,
And well your cause you've pleaded;
But pray, who'd think of HOW-D'-YE-DO,
Unless GOOD-BY preceded?
Without my prior influence
Could you have ever flourish'd?
And can your hand one flower dispense
But what my tears have nourish'd?
How oft, if at the Court of Love
Concealment be the fashion,
When HOW-D'-YE-DO has fail'd to move,
GOOD-BY reveals the passion!
Go, bid the timid lover choose,
And I'll resign my charter,
If he for ten kind HOW-D'-YE-DO'S
One kind GOOD-BY would barter!"

TRUE GALLANTRY.

At a fancy fair, a sailor was strolling past a stall presided over by a lovely woman. Jack stopped, looked for a moment in breathless admiration, then took a sovereign from his pocket, laid it on the table, and was passing on. "My good friend," said the lady, "won't you take something for your money?" "I thank you, madam," replied the tar, with another look, "I've had more than my money's worth already."

This is not the gallantry practiced by a large class of more "cultivated" men, who consider a pretty woman the proper subject for visual inquisition, and stare at her with an air of deliberation as impudent as it is insulting. We meet this class of *gentlemen* (!) everywhere—on the cars, in the omnibus, at the hotel table, on the promenade; and never witness their insolence toward "the weaker sex," without wishing for some honest sailor-man to "send them adrift."

MATERNAL LOVE.

There is so much that is suggestive in this little narration and its reflections, that we must find place for it: "Some of our readers may recollect a thrilling ballad which was written on the death of a woman who perished in the snowdrifts of the Green Mountains of Vermont. That mother bore an infant on her bosom, and when the storm waxed loud and furious, true to a mother's love, rent her garments and wrapped them around her babe. The morning found her a stiffened corpse, but her babe survived. The babe grew to manhood, and became the Speaker of the Ohio Senate. How thrilling must be his thoughts of that mother, if he be a true, large-hearted man. How deep a mother's love! How many a mother is there who would die for her son! Let sons, when far away from home, on the land or on the sea, when the eye of no mother is upon them, remember her love and be restrained by it from entering the path of vice. Let them say nothing, do nothing, which a mother would not approve, and they will never bring her gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

IN these times of high prices in provisions, when people who once were not compelled to take thought for the morrow of what they should eat or what they should drink, because the morrow took care of itself, find it convenient to learn the meaning of the word *economy*, there are many things which might be said to advantage about our American style of "fine" living. There are many ways in which economy might be consulted and no comfort sacrificed; but most people seem to have a great contempt for it, and prefer the most costly and most unhealthy dishes above those equally palatable, yet less troublesome to prepare, less expensive, and less injurious to good health. Is it not so?

Many of our laboring men have more luxuries upon their tables than the rich barons of old were wont to have. While it is a source of gratification and pride that even our poorer classes are able to earn so good wages, and provide so much more bountifully for their families than those of other nations, it would be highly desirable that they should learn to economize their means, so as to have more comfort at less expense. A great part of this important matter rests with the housewives, of course. To learn to cook food *well*, frugally, and in conformity to the laws of health, is no small accomplishment. All housewives can not buy books and make this a study; and so the more generally information is picked up and circulated *by the papers*, the greater opportunity is there for common enlightenment and improvement; so we offer what *our Mrs. Kitchen* says:

Brown bread made from unbolted wheat is sweeter, healthier, more nourishing, and some cheaper than bread made of fine white flour. A bushel of wheat carried to mill and made into brown flour, will be greater in quantity and more healthy in quality than if ground fine and bolted, and it makes bread worthy of a President's table. The recipe is: Set the sponge with white flour, if you have it, the same as for white bread; when light enough to knead up, add a tea-

cup of molasses to a small baking, and make it up with the brown flour, and bake as with common bread.

Meat is what our people are most extravagant in, and the excess to which they use it is not for their bodily welfare. Three times a day many of our working men must have it, while an English laborer gets it but once a week, and a Frenchman is satisfied with an economical soup at dinner with a bit of flesh in it. Half the sum spent for meat, laid out in the purchase of fruits in their season, would be a much better use for the money; but many a man who "can not afford fruit," can have meat at every meal. Apples are better than potatoes for the health; the amount expended in laying up a small store of them for winter use, would be better invested in flour, or fruit, or fish, than in pork. *Fried* apples are as nourishing as meat, and a most excellent dish, cut up with the skins on, and fried in a bit of butter or fat. They are capital to fatten the children upon, and hearty enough for the laborer.

Baked beans with a tiny piece of pork make a good dinner. A cheap bone from the butcher's and a little rice and some seasoning will make a delicious soup. Cracked wheat boiled like rice, is very cheap and very excellent.

When money and provisions were both plenty, everybody got to living so well, that now they do not know how to decrease the supplies. Yet there is a way of doing it, without detriment to pleasure or health, and it should be sought for.

The laws of health are so universally preached, that the humblest cabin ought not to be without knowledge of the sanitary principles of fresh air, bathing, and proper cooking. And, by the way, why is it not a purer *philanthropy* than merely giving money, for some of our kind-hearted ladies, who have time to devote to charitable uses, to instruct those upon whom they bestow their bounties, in some of the most simple and easily-practiced of the laws of health, relating to food, pure air, and the treatment of their children?

We must subjoin some *seasonable* recipes for house and garden. What more delicious than *ice cream*? We commend this mixture of it: Half a pound of loaf sugar to each quart of rich cream. Flavor with vanilla, or the peel of one lemon soaked in the juice of the lemon. Grate the peel, then strain all through a piece of muslin into the cream.

Another equally good is this: Three quarts of milk; two of cream; three eggs; one and a half pound of sugar; three table-spoonfuls of starch; two of lemon. When the milk and cream are at the point of boiling, stir in the eggs, sugar, and starch; when nearly cold, put in the lemon and stir it well.

This one we know to be most successful in producing good cream: Take one quart of sweet cream, made very sweet with best sugar, and flavored; whip it to a light froth; skim off as fast as it is beaten and put into your freezer, until all is whipped to a light froth. It will freeze in less time than any other recipe, and will make five quarts of delicious cream.

A capital drink for the "thirsty mouths" is *home-made beer*. How to prepare it may be learned from the following recipe: Take a small bunch of all or a part of the following:—Sweet fern, sarsaparilla, winter-green, sassafras, prince's pine, and spice-wood. Boil with three ounces of hops to four gallons water and three raw potatoes pared and cut in thin slices. The strength of the roots will be more thoroughly obtained by boiling in two waters, for the hops have a tendency to bind more than to extract the juice; the roots should be boiled five or six hours. Then strain, add a quart of molasses to three gallons of syrup, brown half a pound of bread and put into it; if too thick, dilute with cold water. When luke-warm, add a pint of fresh lively yeast that contains no salt. Keep in a temperate situation, cover, but not so tight as to entirely exclude the air. When fermented, keep in a tight keg, or bottle and cork.

As this is the season for preserving eggs, this preparation for *pickling* them will be acceptable. The pickle is a most palatable one: Boil some four or six dozen in a capacious saucepan, until they become quite

hard. Then, after carefully removing the shells, lay them in large-mouthed jars, and pour over them scalding vinegar, well seasoned with whole pepper, allspice, a few races of ginger, and a few cloves of garlic. When cold, bung down closely, and in a month they are fit for use.

Rhubarb plant is now in its biggest growth. To make it up into *pie-plant-pie*, after the most approved manner, read this and go and do likewise; Peel, slice, and stew, in a very little water, the fresh-gathered stalks. Then take one teacupful of the stewed rhubarb: one cup of sugar; one egg; one table-spoonful of flour (or, if very juicy, a little lemon peel chopped or grated). This is sufficient for one pie. Bake between two crusts.

Here is a recipe for a good and somewhat new dish, viz, *hot tea-cake*: For twelve ounces or a pound of flour, warm one ounce of butter in half a pint of sweet milk; a tea-spoonful of salt; three small eggs, and one table-spoonful of yeast. Mix the flour well into the other ingredients, and pour the whole into a tin pan buttered, &c. Set it to rise. Bake till a nice light brown—about twenty minutes. If brewers yeast be used, it will rise in a little more than an hour. Hop-rising will take six or eight hours to rise.

Here is a *melange* of good recipes for ailments of the season:

COUGH MIXTURE.—One ounce liquorice; one ounce gum Arabic; two ounces rock candy, pulverized and dissolved in a cup of water, kept warm or hot, and frequently stirred. When dissolved and cool, add one ounce paregoric and half an ounce antimonial wine. Then bottle and take a tea-spoonful as frequently as the judgment may direct, to allay that tickling sensation, accompanying the coughing spells, which is experienced by those who have a cough and hoarseness.

CUTS, SORES, AND INJURIES.—Two quarts alcohol; one ounce blue vitriol, and two ounces copperas pulverized, and added to a part of the alcohol. Then one ounce of gunpowder to the remaining alcohol, and after remaining awhile, mingle together. Use as a wash.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A FRIEND, whose article we returned, with some remark about its not being quite up to the standard of excellence required, asks the question, "What is your standard?" We will answer, by repeating a story:—A lady, whose style of piety was more affected than attractive, once took a friend to task for wearing feathers. "But," said the friend, "why are my feathers any more objectional than the brilliant artificial flowers in your own bonnet?" "Oh," replied the censorious lady, "Christians must draw the line *somewhere*, and *I* draw it at feathers!" We must draw a line somewhere, and so require, first, good grammar; second, good rhetoric; third, good sense; fourth, good excuse for uttering it. If any of these (or, as is the case too frequently, if *all* of these) be wanting, we consider the communication scarcely adapted to these pages.

— Undoubtedly one of *the* books of this generation of great thinkers and experimentalists, is Buckles' "History of Civilization," a second volume of which has just been issued. In it the author (an Englishman) pays this tribute to our Magna Charta:—"On the other side of the Atlantic, a great people, provoked by the intolerable injustice of the English government, rose in arms, turned on their oppressors, and after a desperate struggle, gloriously obtained their independence. In 1776 the Americans laid before Europe that noble Declaration, which ought to be hung up in the nursery of every king, and blazoned on the porch of every royal palace. In words, the memory of which can never die, they declared the object of the institution of government is to secure the rights of the people; that from the people alone it derives its powers," etc.

This is one of the noblest tributes ever made to our principle of government by a foreigner. The late much-lamented De Tocqueville, in his fine analysis of our institutions in his well-known work, "Democracy in America," never gave our *species* of liberty such hearty recognition. We may safely advise all our readers who would read one of the noblest books of this century, to peruse Mr. Buckles' "History."

— Mr. H. F. Chorley, the biographer of Mrs. Hemans, and the musical critic of the London *Athenæum*, has in the press a novel, the main purpose of which is to expose the domestic wrongs of women in the higher classes. We may take occasion to refer to this book, and possibly to lay a chapter or two before our readers. The lives of Mrs. Hemans, Letitia E. Landon, Mrs. Norton, furnish themes for a score of essays on woman's wrongs.

— A good minister, of unmentionable name, in traveling through northern Ohio, several years since, had an animated theological conversation with a good old lady on whom he had called, in the course of which he asked her what she thought of the doctrine of total depravity? "Oh," she replied, "I think it a good doctrine, *if people would only live up to it!*" From the terrible record of crime which stares at us from every newspaper, we should infer that the doctrine was becoming popular!

— We have on hand some communications for which we must be spared the necessity of writing special notes of rejection. Their fault is *verbosity*—pages consumed in telling what a paragraph should clearly impress. To illustrate, by a recent characteristic exemplification, Lord Dundreary, addressing his groom, says, "Here, John, come here, come forward and just take hold of my horse whilst I dismount; and, after I am dismounted, John, you dismount, too. Then, John, ungirth the saddle of your horse, and put it down; then you will please ungirth the saddle of my horse, and put it down. Then, John, take up the saddle of your horse and put and girth it on my horse. Afterward, John, take up the saddle of my horse, and put and girth it on your horse. Then, John, I will seat myself in your saddle, and you can seat yourself in mine, and we will resume our journey." "Bless me, my lord," said the man, "why couldn't you have simply said, 'Let's change saddles?'" Too many of our writers for the press are, professionally, of Lord Dundreary's family—we are sure some of our correspondents are

closely related to him. Our only exclamation to such must be that of the groom John, "Bless me, why couldn't you have simply said, 'Let's change saddles?'"

— "The Anniversaries," as we write, are in celebration. Every thing seems to be prospering, according to report of their proceedings, and the great movements of the moral world bid fair to become powers of vast influence for good. The city is overrun with preachers. They infest Broadway and all proper places for recreation, and appear to enjoy the annual release from their generally too-thankless labors with real zest. That *they* ought to have more anniversaries to attend is evident from their too-anxious and care-marked faces. Our readers may have heard of the conversation between a couple of newsboys in regard to this congregation of clergymen. "Say, Bill, what're all these 'ere ministers here for?" "I'd dono, Jim; but 'spect they come here once a year to swap sermons." We have known more than one clerical friend to enjoy this joke.

— The next number commences a *new volume* of "The Home." Now that we have discoursed to our readers for a few months—just long enough to become acquainted—we may be permitted a word or two of chit chat. "The Home" was most unexpectedly placed under our charge. Although already burdened with much literary labor, the importunity of good and trusty friends prevailed, and we assumed the trust with the earnest desire and purpose to do our whole duty in the matter. The past numbers, though scarcely a just criterion, will show if we have or have not answered expectations in the matter. *Now* we can safely promise something better for the future. Plans have been laid and matured for adding to the general literary and moral excellence of the monthly, warranted by the most cheering and liberal support tendered the publication. It was no small matter for the publishers to make so many and material changes in their enterprise, but it is most satisfactory to know that the steps taken have inured as they hoped to the general prosperity of the magazine to which they have given several years of hard, unremitting labor. We sincerely trust they may be paid even tenfold

more, in the year to come, for we feel that their enterprise and determination to publish a good monthly merit that increased reward. As editor, we shall not fail to do all in our power to render "The Home" a repertory of what is good, and useful, and attractive; we shall have excellent co-laborers and advisers: hence, we may, with confidence, promise something more for the future than has yet been given to our readers. Let the friends of the magazine, therefore, labor for it confidently and zealously: one or two new subscribers from each friendly home, gained by speaking the necessary good word, would add greatly to the lists and to the ability of the publishers to give more for the money than ever. We hope to talk to ten thousand regular subscribers ere long, and shall not fail to enjoin the personal services of every friend of "The Home" until that proper list is obtained. Are we to wait long for that "good time?" We think not, from the present promise and past success of the magazine.

— A few days since, Henry Ward Beecher and John G. Saxe met in the bookstore of D. & J. Mr. Beecher not recognizing Mr. Saxe at the first moment, was introduced by Mr. D., who supposed the two great wits were not acquainted. "Ah!" said Mr. Beecher, eying the big Vermonter closely; "I should have supposed Saxe, the wit, to be a fine, good-looking man." "I should never have made such a mistake, in your case," retorted the quick wit. Whereupon the twain fraternized.

— Talking of these wits: what a pity it is their good things can not be recorded. We have almost every funny thing ever uttered by Dean Swift, Sidney Smith, Charles Lamb, Douglass Jerrold, written down for our edification; and some of their sayings are stale enough when thus removed from the *spirit* of the occasion. If half the broadly laughable drolleries, the subtle contrasts, the keen, clearly-told witticisms of Saxe and Beecher were put on paper, they would go far to relieve our literature from the charge of having to go abroad for its laugh. The American character does not lack the humorous sentiment; on the contrary it is very largely developed. No one

enjoys a good comedy, a funny saying, a quick-witted retort, a droll story, more than the "live Yankee;" and, from our experience with many sections, we believe no country on the globe contains more real, capable wits and humorists. The wonder is that so common a talent does not find its way more largely into our literature. Aside from "Sam Slick's" caricatures, and Major Jack Downing's rather overdrawn characterizations, we have no distinctively marked and original creations of the humorous soul. The Bigelow Papers, Sol Smith's Narratives, the Widow Bedott Papers, come forward to claim position, but they are not of marked individuality, and if they retain their places in popular estimation, it will be because nothing better offers. We shall look for many good and original characterizations in the coming half century of our now prolific literature.

— One of the best "signs of the times" in the literary world, is the gradual elevation of the standard of public taste, both in literature and in art. When we find calls for repeated editions of the works of Dickens, of Cooper, of Scott called for; when we learn that the republication of English "classical" novels has been a great success, and that the publishers are already far advanced with the issue of a full series of the best works of the French "classic" authors, viz: Fenelon, Pascal, Montaigne, St. Pierre, Bossuet, etc., etc., we must think there is undoubted proof of a great advance having been made in the taste and intelligence of our reading public. Comparatively few new works of fiction are published, and these chiefly of the better class; Dickens, Scott, Cooper, etc., "command the market," as the publishers say. The press teems with announcements of new books, brilliant lists of brilliant works in all departments of science, of travel, of philosophy, of history and biography, of theology. That such should be published proves the demand to be best for the best class of serious works. This fact, taken in connection with the choice that is made in works of fiction, we can but think promises to our people a future of rare intellectual development.

— The death of Baron Humboldt (at

Berlin, May 6), is announced, as we write. This great *savant* may be regarded as one of the most extraordinary men who have ever lived. He was born in Berlin, Prussia, Sept. 14th, 1769, consequently was nearly ninety years of age. All of this long life, from early boyhood, was spent in acquiring knowledge, by study, by travel to the wildest and most unfrequented quarters of the globe, by experiment on grand scales, by correspondence with the most eminent men in all departments of science and letters throughout the world. Endowed with a frame happily formed for fatigue, for many years he devoted but four hours to sleep, and his mind, of truly gigantic grasp and power, kept on acquiring until he became a wonder of his age in wisdom. In goodness of heart, love for the truth, devotion to the pursuit of *fact*, he was as distinguished as for those mental qualities which made him, *par excellence*, the head of men of science in this age of truly great men. His last work, "Cosmos—a Description of the Physical Universe," engaged the labors of his years since 1842. It, literally, is a grand summary of what Baron Humboldt knew of all sciences, all philosophy, all history, and as such is a monument of more grandeur than the marbles and bronzes which princes and peoples will erect to his memory. His biography doubtless will be given to the public at an early day: let us commend it to all, most particularly to the young men of America, as furnishing a model for their guidance—an example worthy of all emulation.

— We have had several good things from Alice Cary's pen, for the past numbers, and shall have others for the coming numbers of the year. Miss Cary is one of the most acceptable writers for the periodical press in this country. Her thoughts are ever fresh, pure, and suggestive, and her stories are as markedly original as any thing that Mr. Hawthorne has written. We find this fine figure in one of her late poems:

Since you have made my heart so large and grand,
And fill'd it with love's furniture, complete,
Will you not deign to climb up by my hand,
And dwell in it forever, oh, my sweet?

— The editor has been moving to a country home near by the great city, and

every thing is, as a matter of course, where it ought not to be. Books, papers, and manuscripts, are all "in a pile" on the library floor. Among them most of the property of our contributors, accepted and otherwise. Next month we shall exhume them and advise our friends in regard to their matter.

—Several things are in course of preparation for the new volume, of which the publishers will make announcement on the cover. We think the new features will be very acceptable ones, rendering "The Home" somewhat unique in its attractions.

—"The Home Bouquets" is an exquisite steel-plate engraving. What a language of "beauty, love, and flowers" it has! June is the month of roses—the month, too, when our household darling flutters like a fairy among the blossoms: hence it is fit that our "Home" should send out this bouquet of beauty and blossom.

—One of the neatest magazines which finds its way to our table, is "The Hesperian," published in San Francisco, California. Its beauty of typography and illustrations are such as to render it highly creditable to the taste of our western community. It ought to find a good circulation in the older States.

—Our exchanges have hearty thanks for the kind words they have so generously lavished upon "The Home." With the encouragement of the press much can be done—without it, nothing, comparatively. We, therefore, acknowledge our gratitude for the frequent commendations bestowed, and trust our professional relationships may be long, pleasant, and mutually profitable.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE STANDARD FRENCH CLASSICS. New American Editions. Uniform with the publisher's (Derby & Jackson) Standard British Classics. Edited by O. W. WIGHT, A. M., translator of M. Cousin's Philosophy; Editor of Sir William Hamilton's Works, etc., etc.

The publishers, in their announcement, say: "There having long been felt among book-buyers and scholars generally, the need of library editions—convenient in size and reasonable in price—of the greatest and best FRENCH AUTHORS, the undersigned have undertaken to supply this desideratum, by the publication, in uniform style of print, paper, and binding, translations of the works of those celebrated French Writers, which have become classic in the History of Literature."

This superb series will comprise the choicest productions of Pascal, Fenelon, Montaigne, Corneille, St. Pierre, Bossuet, La Fontaine, Chateaubriand, Racine, Moliere, Massillon, etc., etc.

The works of Montaigne, four volumes, are before us. In all respects it is a desirable edition, being a reproduction, with important additions, of Mr. Hazlitt's edition. These "additions" comprise features which add fullness to the references, completeness to the biography (being the entire reproduction of a fine abridgment of Montaigne's Life, by Bayle St. John), and order and clearness in typographical arrangement. It is indeed a luxury to read such works in such exquisite type and arrangement; and we should do readers and publishers both injustice did we fail to call attention to this truly great and commendable enterprise.